

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE



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NOVEMBER 1939

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LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

NEW YORK: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 131 VARICK STREET, N.Y.

Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s., post free.

Entered as Second Class Matter, March 15, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., under the Act of March 3, 1879 (Sec. 397, P.L. and R.). All Rights Reserved.

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continuing

THE LONDON MERCURY AND BOOKMAN

(under the editorship of ROBERT HERRING)

Published Monthly.

Price 1s.

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The BRENDIN Publishing Co., 26 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2

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NOVEMBER 1939.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR CONFLICT.

*We are circled with sadness ;
The sins of the pit wherefrom we are digged are deep ;
Honour and oath are empty tricks in tyrants' mouths ;
Murder abounds ; a bitter moaning prayer
Lies like a mist upon the face of Earth,
Air is made heavy with the drops of death,
And everywhere hungrily calls the sea.
Yet Beauty lives even though Night is falling,
Bright are the stars above the waste of waters,
And in the east the new moon swells to strength.
If there is despair there is also courage,
If there is desolation there is also sacrifice,
And Love outsoars the poison-clouds of evil.
We have no hatred in our hearts,
No glorying or glamour of destruction,
Only a grim resolve uplifted against the tempests—
They will pass,
They will fall away, flattening,
Even as rain is merged in the ocean of Time :
The spirit of our conflict stands,
An ageless altar on a sun-crowned peak.*

MY MISSION.

BY QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA.

II.

AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

[In the October issue was published the account written by Queen Marie of her visit to Paris in March 1919 on an unofficial diplomatic Mission, undertaken at the request of King Ferdinand, on her country's behalf, being part of her fourth volume of reminiscences left unfinished at her death and never published. Here follows the account of her visit to London, which immediately succeeded that to Paris.]

I WAS soon to leave Paris to go to England, where I had been invited to Buckingham Palace, but not without solemnly promising to return to France's gay and overcrowded capital to keep many flattering engagements, forced upon me almost against my will.

Paris gave me a tremendous send off; M. Poincaré, his wife and endless officials came to the station, friends of all nationalities. Elisabetha asked to remain in Paris; she did not want to tear herself away from her many French friends, so I left her under the care of Elise Brătianu and was only accompanied by Mignon and Ileana, both of them in fever of excitement to go to 'Mama's beloved England.'

The journey to Boulogne seemed very short after the endless, meandering way we had made between Roumania and Paris. Everywhere generals, mayors, officials of every sort with magnificent flowers and a wonderful flow of beautifully expressed wishes of welcome, mingled with

flattering words of praise. It had become the fashion to receive me as a heroine, 'la grande Amie de la France'; it was certainly very pleasant and stimulating, and as all honour done to me was also being done to my country, I rejoiced and my daughters were beside themselves with delight; so many pleasurable, happy events after the sad war-years were almost too good to be true.

We took the boat at Boulogne, then still entirely run by the British. Everywhere English uniforms, English faces, English language. The boat was crammed with khaki crowds of soldiers and officers, everyone strapped into life-belts for fear of floating mines. An animated, jostling, good-natured crowd, a sea of smiling faces, each man interested in his neighbour, ready to make friends, for this was a time of general good feeling and the atmosphere of comradeship created during the war still held good. We received a tremendous tossing which gradually silenced many voices and paled many a face.

Tied into my chair, this being the only way to resist the rolling, half drenched in spite of being wrapped in oilskins, I sat, much amused, contemplating the lively medley, rather dazed by the 'too much' which had lately been poured over me. My family and I are good sailors, but my ladies and servants paid their uncomfortable tribute to Neptune.

Ileana immediately made friends with the captain and Mignon, although less loquacious than her younger sister, enjoyed chattering with the soldiers and officers, mixing with the crowd in that simple way particular to her. Mignon was at home everywhere, she was the most unselfconscious girl I ever met.

We reached Folkestone as night fell, so I could hardly perceive the beloved English coast, the sight of which never leaves me unmoved. Sir Charles Cust, an old naval friend

of the dear Malta days who served under my Father on the flagship H.M.S. *Alexandra*, had been sent by King George to meet us, and remain especially attached to me during my stay at Buckingham Palace. His delightful ruddy face was all smiles, but we felt giddy and confused by the rush and noise and the too many different impressions.

It was a tremendous emotion to arrive in London and to be greeted at the station by George and May, with a crowd of officials and many, many friends. As in a dream I saw familiar faces smiling at me, faces from out of the past and faces belonging to the near present, my war-friends : good old Boyle, General Ballard, General Greenly, Locker Lampson and my Welsh friend Evans Griffith, Lady Barclay, and there stood, tall and brilliant Sybil Chryssoveloni, with tears of joy in her eyes, and many others, till my heart felt like bursting with joy. They were all there, faithful, welcoming, glad to greet me on this home-coming to the Old Country, after years of stress.

It was late ; we arrived at Buckingham Palace in time for supper. At the front door stood David (the Prince of Wales), Bertie, Mary, my young cousins ; we were strangers to each other but soon made friends, especially with David. I find in my diary this description of him : ' David is the most attractive boy I have ever seen ; he is a real little beauty with still a child's face, an adorable short nose and hair, the colour of ripe corn, and he is so nice and has an enchanting smile. To me he is irresistible.'

My two daughters quickly made friends with their cousins after the first shyness had worn off. Ileana became the great favourite of old and young ; her quiet, unaffected self-assurance enormously amused her Uncle and Aunt. They loved to hear her relate all about her experiences during the war, and she spoke quite simply about all our

past misery and dangers as though they were everyday events any child of ten lives through. She was treated with extraordinary kindness and the weeks spent at Buckingham Palace remain for her an unforgettable memory, to be treasured for the rest of her life.

Mignon was at a more awkward age, but fell so much in love with England that when time came to go back to Roumania she asked to return to England, from Paris, so as to be able to attend an English finishing School.

The important event of our first day in England was to go to see Nicky at Eton. Nicky as an Eton boy in his absurd top hat! Long, lanky, he was as ever full of fun, talk, and nonsense, already quite at home in his new surroundings. Fond of everybody and everybody fond of him. It was both incongruous and delightful to see him here, in this celebrated old centre of British tradition. He, the untamed, unconventional little scamp who had run loose at Jassy and who had been my constant companion in hospitals, amongst the poor or with the troops on the front. . . . Indeed a strange contrast: after turmoil and disarray, absolute peace and order.

Dr. Alington, the Head Master, received us at his house where he gave us luncheon. He was a charming, quiet, good-looking man and lived in beautiful rooms. I shall never forget the harmonious colour-scheme of his long, narrow sitting-room; bright green Chinese paper on the walls, gay with flowers, trees and birds; dark wooden furniture and pleasant coloured chintzes to match the walls; on the piano and tables green Chinese bowls with slim plants of golden daffodils, a cheerful fire burning on the hearth. I felt strangely at peace in that long quiet room with its unique English coziness.

Nicky lived in the house of Mr. Brinton, a kindly, intelligent married man, spare of words, but with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, who seemed to understand Nicky's quicksilver personality. My boy was kindly treated and not made to feel an outsider; of course he amused everybody with his originality and quickness of wit. It was difficult to label Nicky's species; he could become anything; there was both good and bad in his nature: I hope the good predominated, but he was difficult to control as he always had the laugh on his side. This often gave him an unfair advantage over others more worthy, but less quick.

Brinton's house had all the simple charm of an English home; I seemed to breathe it in with satisfaction and I strongly felt that vague but persistent sensation of 'Heimweh' with which everything essentially English fills me. Nothing can be quite compared to the atmosphere of Eton, with its quiet peace and regulated life, so shut away from all the turmoil and fluctuations of the striving, quarrelling outside world.

How far off seemed those tragic years in famished Jassy; our overcrowded miserable hospitals, our tattered suffering soldiers, the Russian troops turned Bolsheviks, clattering in their devilish motor-trucks, over our bumpy pavement, singing revolutionary songs and waving their odious red flags! How far also the eternal straining effort to keep off final disaster, to stand firm amidst ever-increasing misfortune!

All these pictures rose before my eyes as I sauntered with my companions through Eternal Eton. We visited the old buildings, the library, the chapel. Peace, order, quiet, discipline, tradition, unchanging amidst the overwhelming upheavals which were convulsing our old world. . . . And Nicky was here, secure, anchored for a while in a safe port. He was being offered a blessed and precious opportunity.

In another part of Windsor, lived old Green, formerly the children's nurse, the friend and ally of my lonely youth, of my early, storm-shaken years in Roumania, now pensioned and in possession of a villa christened after my Mignon, her 'last baby.' We paid her a surprise visit; she nearly fainted with joy; she had not expected us. As profuse of words as in the olden days, she wept, laughed and exclaimed, blessing and scolding us in turns. She had endless questions to ask, tales to tell, souvenirs to dig up. It all poured forth in a comic jumble of 'H'-less words, to the great amusement of Mary and Sir Charles Cust, who had accompanied us on our wanderings. Mignon, after whom the house had been named, came in for the giant share of hugging and kissing. Of course we had to accept a cup of tea and sat down in a wee parlour, the walls of which were lined with Royal Family photographs, representing all of us at the different stages of our lives. Our faces, expressions and clothes changing with the different dates. It was not an easy matter to tear ourselves away from her loquacious hospitality. . . . Dear old Green !

My life in Buckingham Palace with George and May was very different from my hectic days at the Hotel Ritz in Paris. Here I was hemmed in by tradition; I was a royal guest and had to be very careful not to overstep any of the established conventions. Although so closely related, we had in fact never been much together, Fate having taken me at the early age of seventeen away from my old home and surroundings. We had grown up differently. My life had been all struggle and adaptation amongst a foreign people, in a family I had not known as a child. I had become a stranger to the familiar circle once my own. Besides, the war-years had brought me face to face with a

reality which had been spared my cousins. I seemed to know too much of the outside world, and I did not want to disturb their peaceful conceptions with my cruel experiences. They were full of kindness and sympathy, but I felt I must measure my words, cut down my independence in action and opinion, so as not to shock their royal standards which had not changed with the years.

England in khaki was an unusual sight. Peace had not yet been signed; this was only armistice and it was not easy to pass over from four years of war to a demobilised order of things. It must not be forgotten that the world was still heaving from the past fearful effort, from all the ghastly experiences; it felt giddy from loss of blood. A difficult time of transition, full of upheaval and social convulsions. The old state of things had been upset, the new not yet established. Dangerous socialistic movements were looked upon with apprehension; I noticed everywhere a great uneasiness, a fear of what Russia's blood-curdling example might instigate in quiet, steady England. Everybody seemed to tread lightly, carefully, so as not to awake sleeping forces which would be difficult to control and direct into right channels. I was even rather shocked at the way the King was obliged, because of public opinion, to treat his own relations; no Russian Grand Duke was welcome, and the Sovereign, being strictly constitutional, never even tried to impose his will, or to allow his personal sympathies to colour his actions. This seemed to me a very cold attitude to adopt; being more passionate, less disciplined and also less responsible, I often resented that those who came out top did not more readily stretch out a hand to the defeated and overthrown. But for a King I suppose reasons of State must always overrule sentiment; however, it saddened me and inwardly I vowed that I would stand

up for the fallen whenever I could. It had already been a great distress to me that, on leaving Roumania, I had not been allowed to take Marie Putiatine with me, because she was a grand-duchess born. I was to have many such shocks as time went on, but personally, I never resigned myself to what I considered an uncourageous attitude of the Great, this denying of their own kith and kin. I had too flamingly before my eyes the words : 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' Everything had been such a horrible game of chance, we, the winners of to-day, might just as well have been the losers. I could never forget this, and marvelled at how easily others did, but then I was never careful or calculating, though often over-impulsive and, therefore, probably unwise.

I loved Buckingham Palace, the beautiful stately setting, the dignified round of the everyday life of my cousins ; it was wonderful to be again suddenly part of this life I had once known so well ; but I was still too throbbing with eagerness to help my suffering people to be able to wholly give myself up to perfect peace and restful content.

I felt that my relatives were watching me, a little anxious as to what surprises I might bring into their well-ordered existence. My freedom of expression was unusual, no conventionality hemmed me in, and one day, after I felt I had startled George, I gently laid my hand on his arm and pleaded :

'Try not to be shocked at me, try and enjoy me as I am, in spite of the strange atmosphere I have brought into dignified Buckingham Palace. Forgive me if I am different from what you think a queen ought to be. You see I have not been a comfortable queen, my life has not been easy ; but I lived as bravely as I could, far from all

to which I had been accustomed. I did not have people to do things for me . . . I had to do them myself . . .'

Yes, that was the exact truth : I had had to do things myself. In the face of pressing necessity I could not pause to consider if I was overstepping royal conventions, etiquette, protocole ; I simply *had* to act, to speak on my own authority, to shoulder, according to the need of the moment, my own responsibilities. So of course I had got accustomed somewhat to ignore the smaller niceties of language and behaviour, and the only way to disarm my relations was by being absolutely candid.

George looked somewhat perplexed ; I certainly was a rather disturbing element, a being who stirred up thoughts and ideas which did not fit in with his preconceived notions of what was fitting for a queen. But being sincerely fond of me, he was ready to be indulgent, even if he could not entirely understand this somewhat perturbing cousin who had lived her life outside 'the family fortress.' So he laughed his jolly laugh, which wrinkled up his nose and listened patiently to what I had to say. May listened also and her feminine instinct let her guess that my bed had not always been of roses, and as the days passed and they both became better acquainted with the real 'me,' we began to take confidence in each other and entirely to enjoy being together. By degrees also our conversation became much more hearty and unguarded. Some of the family meals were full of laughter and fun.

In spite of the joy of being with my cousins I felt I had to pursue my duty as I had been sent abroad to speak up for my country, to put its problems before those who, to-day, were remodelling the map of Europe. I was well aware that Roumania was in a delicate position and that her case needed to be rightly understood. We had been so isolated,

cut off from all contact with our great Allies that we had been maligned and our suffering had been little known. Besides, so many diplomats and politicians were having their say that it was difficult to get a hearing. It needed an exceptional ambassador to plead for a country which did not enjoy special popularity. Here also, as in France, Roumania needed to be given my face, so as to draw sympathy towards her.

I do not wish this to sound as though I believed I could perform miracles, where others better prepared than I failed. This was in no wise my attitude, but I knew that fatigued by too many ardent, complaining, bearded emissaries of small countries, all arguing and quarrelling together, each one convinced of the superior justice of his demands, the fatigued arbiters would find a woman's voice, a woman's face, a pleasant change, and be more ready to lend a kindly ear, especially if the pleader was the Queen herself.

So with the courage of the innocent and of those who believe in their good right, I threw myself into the fray, never pausing to consider how my action might be criticised by onlookers. I was so convinced my cause was just, that I felt no hesitation that the right arguments with which to move those who held our fate in their hands, would come to me at the hour of need. I knew that truth sounded from every word I said.

But living in a royal palace I was less free to come and go, or to receive all manner of people; I had to observe the outward etiquette, so my work was slower. I had, however, many devoted helpers and they, in sympathy with my efforts, brought me together with important people who could espouse our cause, and stand up for us when necessary.

Thus with each day that passed, the pace increased and it

became difficult to cope with all I had to do, or was asked to do. But I met with more and more kindness and understanding as time advanced ; I felt I was making headway and this was encouraging. I was beginning to imprint another picture of my country upon the mind of those who could help us. Statesmen, politicians, diplomats, soldiers and sailors, important men of business, oil magnates and big industrialists came to see me, and with never-flagging enthusiasm I demonstrated that our country needed immediate help, as we had our backs to the wall.

Our population was starving, decimated by poverty and sickness, our transports were entirely disorganised, our bridges and railways had been destroyed, our riches torn from us, our stores and reserves looted, our oil-wells blown up by our own Allies who did not wish our wealth to fall into the enemy's hands. Everything had to be begun anew without help or the material needed, and being so far off, it was cruelly hard to get a hearing, to receive sympathetic attention or even common justice.

Although I had no official mission, both the King and our Government had confidence in me ; they believed I could accomplish more than the most erudite emissaries. There are moments when the accents of the heart are more efficient than those of cold reason, when the words of one who has suffered with the suffering and prayed with the desperate, carry more weight than the cold argument of common-sense and logic.

When the fire of conviction moves a woman, she can find accents not at the disposal of tired and sometimes even bored statesmen, arguing with stodgy old gentlemen seated round a green table.

It was interesting but very exhausting work and hardly left me a moment to live for myself or to enjoy my sump-

tuous surroundings which seemed so marvellous after our years of dearth and misery. But now and again I spared an hour for myself when I could gather friends and acquaintances around me, and also the younger members of the family who liked to assemble in my room for big teas. I would then throw off all cares and could be gay amongst the gayest and these tea parties, often headed by golden-haired David, were great fun.

David was allowed to go out with me and together we went to several dinner parties, amongst others to the Astors and to the Duchess of Rutland, where we met and talked to all sorts of interesting people, including artists, writers and musicians.

Sir Charles Cust, my faithful attendant, was at first inclined to be critical about my ways of independence. He was ready to consider me more unconventional than was in keeping with a crowned head, and showed signs of anxiety about what I might do next.

Knowing, however, that he had kindly feelings towards the former little Marie of Edinburgh, daughter of his one-time Admiral, I decided to have it out with him in a heart to heart talk. I was devastatingly frank with him, looking him straight in the eye and explaining my somewhat exceptional position and why I was obliged to go ahead on my own lines. I spoke up bravely, I knew I had a friend before me whom I must win over. And I did finally win him over. Although somewhat surprised at my fearless outspokenness, we finally shook hands like two comrades and I begged him to be quite open with me and never to hesitate giving me good advice, as I was only too glad to be steered by one who knew all the ins and outs of court-life and its restrictions, which occasionally in my ardour I could overstep. This was a pact to which we faithfully adhered during

my stay in Buckingham Palace and by degrees Sir Charles began to take interest in my mission and loyally stood by me whenever he could.

Many of my personal friends being busy all day, hard-working men bound to regular hours, and as I always lunched *en famille*, to King George's intense amusement, I used to give breakfast parties, about which he liked to tease me, endlessly. Punctually at nine o'clock I assembled at a broad round table all those who could not put in an appearance later in the day: naval and military friends, politicians, M.P.s, business men, including the children and a sprinkling of Russian refugees. Lord Astor, Col. Boyle, Colin Keppel were the *habitués*, each bringing with him anyone he considered useful for me to meet. There were also of course old friends of my childhood whom I was delighted to meet again, and friends also of later days.

The old 'page' attached to my personal service during my stay at Buckingham Palace and who looked after me, like a kindly and indulgent parent, entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of these unconventional meals, and saw to it that there should be a generous spread of excellent food, which largely added to the general good cheer.

The kindly old man had quite taken me under his wing. I think he found me stimulating, he became confidential, giving many a useful hint about the 'rules of the house.' Having been in the royal service for several decades, and having also served under Grand-Mama Queen, he knew exactly what could or could not be done, and ended by being a real stand-by. For all his magnificent punctiliousness and dignity, he did not seem out of sympathy with my unconventionalities and spirit of fun, following in fact with intelligent interest my every move, marvelling at the amount of activity I could cram into a single day. He too,

like Sir Charles Cust, became an amused and convinced ally, helping me in his own small way to save time and trouble.

Occasionally, when perplexed I would ask his advice. During the war we had run out of every kind of provision and I did not want to come home empty handed. My stately liveried mentor was profuse in addresses ; he seemed to have a cousin in every trade, and these would be too 'honoured if Her Majesty would give them her orders in person.' They would immediately appear from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, no matter whence, to attend to the royal command, delighted to have a word with the former Princess Marie of Edinburgh. H.M. Queen Mary approved of these particular houses, and beloved Queen Mary was a great authority upon all things practical as well as artistic.

I was especially very much in need of tea. Roumania had quite run out of tea since there was no more communication with Russia whence we formerly imported it. 'Oh ! Twining, is the best man for tea.' So on an early morning Mr. Twining or his chief representative, was ushered into my presence and I explained that I wanted a tea which neither tasted of smoke, scent nor hay, upon which clever Mr. Twining promptly answered : 'It is Darjeeling tea Your Majesty wants, may I send samples, there are three special mixtures.'—'Yes, that would be perfect !' But the difficulty was, how to find time to imbibe three separate cups of tea in close enough connection to properly distinguish their different aroma ? My old 'page' came to the rescue with a practical solution, having well grasped the importance of not losing any time. He would keep three separate tea-pots all ready prepared which he would bring in turns between my several audiences ; 'Besides Her Majesty will be all the better for an occasional cup of tea, as she seems to

be having a strenuous time !' Strenuous indeed ! I laughed heartily and the arrangement proved both satisfactory and refreshing. Between the different audiences, my old friend would peer in through the door, with a neat tray in hand, tea ready boiling and I finally found the mixture of which I dreamed which neither tasted of hay, smoke nor scent : Darjeeling tea.

Thus in turns did 'cousins' from Wales, Scotland and Ireland, also present samples of biscuits, jam, soap, and no end of other useful local products, of which I acquired large provisions, the cases I was to take back with me, accumulating in a way which made severe General Ballif sigh and shake his head.

Beautiful Queen Alexandra had aged at last and her deafness had increased. We met with the old warm feeling of sympathy. In a way she clung to me because I was a link with unfortunate Russia. Aunt Alix was suffering intensely because of the long painful separation from her favourite sister, the Empress Marie, still in a dangerously precarious situation in the Crimea, cut off from everything and surrounded by Bolsheviks. Being myself harassed by the same sort of anxiety about Ducky, who was still in Finland, we understood each other quite particularly.

When I went to visit her at Marlborough House, she showed me all her beloved sister's letters, heaped up on her writing table, and her arm linked within mine, she led me through the different rooms so that I could see all her Russian souvenirs and treasures, full of grief over all the terrible happenings which had swept away the old order of things. She spoke much of my mother and both our eyes were full of tears.

She gave us a large luncheon, inviting also my girls,

Ileana as usual holding her own, interesting and entertaining everybody with all she had to relate. She did this with the charm of a child neither shy nor forward, but whose large blue eyes had seen sights they would never more forget.

Many familiar faces, not seen for years, were assembled round Aunt Alix's table, such as Queen Amélie of Portugal, and Soveral (the Blue Monkey), also all those who had grown old in the Queen's service : Charlotte Knowles, Sir Dighton Probyn and others. I was touched to see again how faithfully she clung to all these upon whom Time was laying an ever heavier hand.

I also visited Uncle Arthur who lived now in our dear old Clarence House, Aunts Louise, Helena and Beatrice, and the different cousins of my own generation. I took a special liking to Irene,¹ Drino's tall and handsome wife, whom I was meeting for the first time. We felt instinctively drawn towards each other.

All my relations were patronising different institutions and charitable war-works ; I had thus occasion to visit several marvellously run organisations and everywhere I was given warmest welcome.

With Queen Mary, I visited one of the large hospitals for wounded soldiers, run upon grand lines with every possible modern innovation and nothing left undone which could ease pain and suffering. I could not repress a certain feeling of envy when I compared this superb order and comfort to the want and misery of the hospitals I had tried to help at home.

The men were flatteringly glad to see me, I had brought many flowers and conversation flowed easily between us ; it was such a joy to be able to converse in my own tongue ; nearly every invalid was eager to talk and have his say.

¹ Lady Carisbrooke.

A sad sight were those who had been wounded in the spine ; so-called hopeless cases. They lay on their backs in high comfortable beds and most of them were busy with some kind of work. I went from bed to bed, admiring their different productions, taking interest in their artistic efforts which seemed to give them great pleasure. Several years later I received a letter from Canada which began thus : ' You will be sure to remember me ; I am the wounded soldier who lay in the bed beside the man who was plaiting baskets. You spoke to me so kindly that I would like you to know I am back home again and really able to move about.' . . . This letter, so simply confidential, touched me very much.

Whilst visiting a hospital run by the Y.M.C.A. in some London slum district I heard the matron who was showing me round, whispering with a nurse : ' He would so like to see her.'—' No, no,' answered the matron, ' it is impossible, we cannot ask it of her . . . ' More whispering followed. Laying my hand on the matron's arm I enquired what could not be asked of me ? With some hesitation the matron explained that one of their wounded men was dying ; he knew I was here, and longed to see me. ' But he is very bad,' added the matron, ' he cannot last much longer.'—' But of course I shall go to see him,' I exclaimed, ' for two years I have done little else but go to those " who cannot last much longer." '

So they took me to him, and having just been offered a wonderful bunch of red roses I laid them between the trembling fingers of the dying man, and to this day I have not forgotten the look of gratitude he gave me. . . .

All communication was slow and difficult, but letters from home finally reached me, and the news was upsetting.

Under the leadership of Bela Kun, Hungary had turned Bolshevik, voting for Russia and communism. A wave of revolution was sweeping the country, the towns and properties were being ransacked; the 'reds' intentions towards Roumania were anything but peaceful. Hungary being our next door neighbour this could mean great trouble and danger for us and there was question of our troops, not yet demobilised, marching over the frontiers to re-establish order. Rumours of all kinds were afloat; nothing could be absolutely verified which made them all the more perturbing. I longed to be at home to carry my share of anxiety, but I knew that, for the moment, I was more useful here.

Brătianu came over from Paris and I managed to obtain from George that he should be invited for a private luncheon. Brătianu displayed all his charm, but George was hardly very well up in French, so I had to do a lot of translating to keep the conversation afloat which was a handicap to our eloquent statesman.

Brătianu approved of my work in England and begged me to follow closely the line I had taken, making as good an atmosphere as possible for Roumania, because weighty discussions in Paris were imminent, and I could do much to modify England's none too favourable attitude towards our Country.

I certainly remarked that my coming to England had already created a change in public opinion and *Punch* brought out a cartoon on which Roumania was represented in the shape of a woman in peasant dress who, with haggard face and hungry eyes, sees whole transports of foodstuffs being carted to enemy lands, whilst she, the Ally, is allowed to starve.

From Russia too the news was heart-breaking. The

French, no more able to hold out against the Reds, were evacuating Odessa, which meant an added danger for us from the eastern side.

By some miracle a year-old letter from Ducky reached me from Finland, where they were quasi-prisoners and unable to get away. They have lost absolutely everything ; nothing to-day remains to them, not even hope. They are completely destitute. They too are suffering from hunger, and for the moment absolutely no possibility of escaping from Borgo. More than two years of fear and horror, not knowing what the next day might bring : death, starvation or relief.

I immediately set about with May's help to plan how I could send her provisions, and May deputed one of her ladies to help me select and buy those things most nourishing and best for lengthy transport, adding all sorts of biscuits, jams, and delicacies to the more solid food-stuffs. I also included soap and scents and other small luxuries, not seen for years. Both George and May guaranteed that these precious goods would reach her safely.

Much later I heard that she did receive them and that their arrival was a mighty event in their desolate corner of exile.

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Although it is not habitual for the Lord Mayor of London to give an official luncheon to a Queen travelling without her King, and although my visit was not an official one, the City desired to receive me as an English Princess who had done honour to her British birth by doing her best for the country of her adoption, and this under exceedingly difficult circumstances. For wherever I went to-day I was received as something of a heroine which was both flattering and embarrassing, but good for our Roumanian cause. So

I accepted the gracious invitation as a compliment to King and Country as well as to myself and was ceremoniously received with all the quaint and stately pageantry inherent to receptions given in the Mansion House, which I was visiting for the first time.

A solemn procession into luncheon, the insignias of the City carried before us, golden plate on the table, flowers, address of honour, etc. Husbands and wives going in arm in arm.

I bore up bravely, having nearly entirely overcome shyness I can to-day, hold my own almost anywhere by being as simple and human as possible, fired by the desire to put others at their ease, responding heartily to all manifestations of sympathy. Paris had already been good training and here in England, for me, everything was easier as I could speak my own language. To have eternally to speak a language not one's own is like labouring up hill!

But in my heart of hearts, I could not help marvelling how all this glorifying of my person had come about. It did not seem so very long ago that I had been but a much reprovèd little princess who was supposed to possess but few virtues and was entirely subjugated by an old King's iron will. Now every sort of honour was being paid me as though I myself had been a King. Such are the changes in life, but I humbly accepted all kindness offered me, as a marvellous recompense, without fully deserving it. I can not say it did not fill me with a certain feeling of elation, but I never got accustomed to consider it quite natural to be made such a fuss of.

Amongst the several receptions given in my honour was a tremendous tea offered by the Canadians at the Ritz. From the first, under the enthusiastic leadership of my

faithful friend Col. Boyle, the Canadians had been eager to help Roumania through her Queen.

Boyle had been able to paint a vivid picture of our Country's distress and of my efforts to help my people. This had fired their imagination and they came forward in more ways than one, amongst others offering me enormous provisions from their Red Cross depots.

A great crowd of eager faces, friendly but all of them strangers to me. A show of jolly goodwill, the shaking of many hands, smiles, promises, a little propaganda talk on my side, and 'Uncle Joe,' like a kindly father, beaming down upon us all.

I had to receive the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers *en bloc*, always a shy proceeding, but I came through with flying colours and in this case, was inclined to pat myself on the back because it is the most difficult *cercle* to make. All the Countries of the world lined up in a row and to have to find something not too idiotic to say to each in turn, whilst the last spoken to always hears what I am saying to his neighbour! All crowned heads know what an ordeal this can be.

I remember to have quite especially liked Mr. Davis, the American Ambassador whom I also met at several dinner parties. We felt decided sympathy for each other and he urged me to go to America, declaring that the United States would give me a tremendous reception.

There was also a visit to the House of Commons arranged by Locker Lampson where I listened to a debate from the gallery and made the acquaintance of several interesting men, Sir Edward Carson being one of those I found most striking, besides, he was intelligently interested in Roumania. Locker Lampson was indefatigable in his effort to help me in every possible way.

Lord Curzon, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, offered a big official dinner. His house was beautiful, filled with art treasures ; we ate at several round tables off green marble decorated with rare and exquisite flowers and all the guests were specially chosen so that I could plead my Roumanian cause before those who could be most helpful. I did so with an eloquence I did not realise I possessed, sweeping my audience along with me, till each man promised to do what he could for my suffering country. Winston Churchill was one of those who listened with the most intelligent sympathy. I thought his wife perfectly beautiful. Lord Curzon himself was too ceremonious to inspire any feeling of warmth. His attentions were like a ritual perfectly staged. His politeness was as exquisite as his house, but I was too much of a throbbing human being to feel at my ease in such a superbly regulated temperature.

Every day some new kindness or attention was paid to me. Lord Lansdowne, accompanied by several other important gentlemen, came to Buckingham Palace, to present me with the order of ' St. John of Jerusalem,' which made of me a ' Lady of Justice,' a quaint and charming title. Also Aunt Alix, as head of the British Red Cross, gave me officially, but with her inimitable grace in presence of others, a special Golden Medal of Honour, in recognition of my war-work. I was more than touched.

There was also a satisfactory interview with General Baden-Powell, to further our Boy Scout Movement in Roumania, which was started by Carol in 1914, was taking firm root, and was giving already excellent results.

Every day was filled to bursting, my every nerve was strained to the utmost, because, besides all my work, there were also family obligations and endless social entertain-

ments, not counting the visits of precious friends such as Mrs. Hamilton and Pauline Spender Clay.

On the day before my departure a last difficult ordeal lay before me ; the receiving of the Press at the end of a day when I had never been allowed a second's breathing space. There were always endless discussions as to whether the queen should or should not speak to the Press. Some were for, some against it. My different mentors, including Sir Charles Cust, were consulted and finally it was Mr. Mişu, our Minister in London who won the day : although a modern, after-war innovation, as H.M.'s mission was quasi-official, her work would not be complete unless she spoke to the Press.

So I submitted, but as the meeting could not take place in the palace, I went to our Legation and once more held my own against those important gentlemen who, in our restless days, sway Public Opinion for good or evil. There were some exceedingly agreeable and interesting men amongst them, but to-day their faces are hazy to me and I cannot remember their names . . . and Mr. Mişu who brought me together with them is dead.

My saving on these embarrassing occasions was the way I could always feel a warm and living interest in people and things. My want of conventionality gave me an impetus which royalties generally suppress ; a sort of desperate fearlessness had come to me because of the way I had, by force of circumstances, been pushed to the fore. One step led to another, there was no going back. Even if I were to drop by the way, I had to accept burdens seldom laid upon queenly shoulders, no shirking was to-day permissible. 'Je devais avoir tous les courages.' So, once more I spoke up bravely, going into all the details of our suffering, needs, hopes and aspirations.

When strongly convinced I *can* be eloquent and I always allow humour to lighten my seriousness ; there are ways and ways of saying things, although my mission was almost a man's mission, my way of pleading was a woman's way. During that strenuous after-war period no situation baffled me ; I was in a fighting mood ; the spirit of patriotism upheld me ; I gave my best without counting the cost . . .

The day of my departure came. In Paris many were clamouring for my return.

It was hard, indeed, to tear myself away from my kind hosts and from the many friends, foremost amongst whom were the Astors, in whose house I had been several times always to meet pleasant or interesting people. Nancy, of whom I was becoming more and more fond, was a wonderful hostess and would unite at her table guests of most diverse opinions and standing, linking them all together with her never-ceasing flow of talk and inimitable sense of humour added to her quick, sometimes over-caustic American wit.

David liked to come with me, and with special delight I watched his charm and ease amongst every sort and kind of people.

With each passing day the intercourse with my cousins had become warmer and happier. My stay had been long enough to be really able to get intimately acquainted and to understand each other. Both King and Queen had given us the kindest sort of hospitality, realising to some measure, the dreadful ordeal we had been through and the good this visit was doing us.

Their hospitality was, however, still to be extended as Ileana went down with a sort of influenza, the very day of our departure. A terrible dilemma for me. Was she going to be very ill ? Everything had been packed, engagements

had been made on the other side of the Channel, special trains had been put at my disposal, the tickets for the boat were taken, people were coming to the station to see us off. How cancel everything at the eleventh hour?

Consultations with the royal doctor, with Their Majesties, with my own followers, with Mr. Mişu, and it was finally decided that as the precious child was not seriously ill, that George and May would have her looked after in Buckingham Palace, whilst I must leave as decided so as to keep my engagements, and 'Uncle Joe,' my faithful Col. Boyle always ready at an emergency, would, when she had recovered, bring her over to me to Paris. Old Woodfield, her nurse, would remain with her.

George also kindly promised to keep an eye on Nicky, deputing Mr. Hansell, the former tutor of his sons to be the boy's English mentor whilst at Eton and during those holidays which he could not spend at home. Nicky seemed absolutely happy at School, which made the wrench of separation less cruel.

So, finally I left. George and May taking me to the station where many members of the family, crowds of friends and officials had gathered to wish me good speed.

A good-bye full of regrets, many dear faces smiling at me, hand shakes, reiterated promises that our cause would be upheld, murmured blessings, misty eyes. And within my heart a deep feeling of gratitude . . . I shall mention no names. It would be too long to enumerate all those who came forward to help; but if there are any still living to-day, who did their best for me, rendering my difficult task more easy, may they read in these pages my deep-felt thanks.

At Dover we parted with Sir Charles Cust who became a firm and convinced friend.

Hand in hand my Mignon and I watched the retreating

cliffs of Dover. . . . Both of us had been very happy in the Old home Country which cannot be compared to anything else upon earth. Our hearts were gripped both by regret and longing.

[The December issue will contain Queen Marie's account of her return to Paris and interviews with President Wilson, Paderewski, and other actors in the great drama.]

REVERIE.

*This grey and everlasting dust
That veils the brightness of my room,—
Who knows from what far country comes,
From whose forgotten, ancient tomb ?*

*This unsubstantial, sombre ash
That dims my shining brass and gold,
Comes from dead emperors and kings,
And lovely palaces of old.*

*Comes, too, from all the common folk,
Who laughed and loved like you and me ;
From singing-birds and dewy flowers,
And temples far across the sea.*

*Such virtue in this filmy dust
I treat in such a casual way,—
Why ! I am touching men who sang,
And breathing poets every day !*

ELIZABETH TEMPLE WELLS.

DICEY GOES A RIDIN'.

BY HILDA PHELPS HAMMOND.

THE house slaves were standing in the far end of the drawing-room. All nine of them were there—even Old Dicey. She was wearing her new, blue calico dress and her best head handkerchief of red and yellow, and she was standing between Pool, the coachman, and the slim mulattress, Marty. Miss Dora had told Marty to bring a chair for Old Dicey, but Dicey had scorned it. 'My grandma wuz a hundred 'fore she died and my ma wuz right pert at ninety-six. Jes' cause I'se eighty ain't no reason to figger I'se feeble. I kin stand as good as any ob yer while Marster's will's read,' she said.

It was pleasant in the drawing-room. Outside the morning sun was hot, but the high ceilings and the wide windows took care of the warm air nicely. There was even a light breeze stealing in through the bowed shutters. The lawyer was talking now and Old Dicey was listening to every word he said. He was reading Marster's words out loud and Miss Dora and Miss Lucy and Miss Sally were wiping tears out of their eyes every now and then and their husbands were standing up very stiff and straight. He had told them just how much money each of them was to have and now he was telling them about the houses. He held the paper close to his spectacles and he read out loud: 'I, Jonathan Barter, do leave the following houses and lands to my daughters—Dora, Lucy, and Sally Ann. But to my son, Jonathan Barter, I leave nothing. I cut him off without house, or land, or money. . . .'

A murmur ran through the room. Then Miss Dora stared straight ahead, Miss Lucy cast her eyes down, Miss Sally Ann twisted her lace handkerchief.

Old Dicey sighed. 'Ef Mistah Johnny hadn't been so plum contrary, Marster wouldn't have acted like dat,' she said to herself. 'Ef he hadn't have married dat girl whose pa warn't nothin' but a plain shopkeeper in Natchez, Marster would have lef' him de big house an' de cotton fields an' de hosses and carriage.' But Mistah Johnny had always been contrary, she remembered. Even when he was a little bit of a fellow and she used to rock him in her arms, he never would listen to that song about Miss Mouse's house. Miss Dora and Miss Lucy and Miss Sally Ann would lay real still when she sang

'Froggie went a courtin', he did ride

Um-hm . . . Um-hm

Sword an' a pistol by his side

Um-hm . . . Um-hm.'

Miss Dora and Miss Lucy and Miss Sally Ann would let her sing the whole song—all about Miss Mouse's house and the wedding feast and the rest of it, but Mistah Johnny never would. He'd start rearin' back soon as she got to that sword and pistol. Rearin' back and yellin' for it—

Pool was nudging Dicey's arm. 'Lissen to what he's sayin' 'bout de houses,' he was whispering.

The lawyer was reading on. He was naming the plantation houses that Marster's daughters were to have. Pleasant Hill for Miss Dora, Pretty Place for Miss Lucy, Cedar Pond for Miss Sally Ann. Those were the houses that Marster's daughters and their husbands were living in already and now the houses would belong to them forever. 'And this house—The Columns,' went on the lawyer 'shall be the property

of my first grandson. And if there be no grandson, it shall be made into a public park for the use of the town.'

Again a murmur ran through the room and Miss Dora and Miss Lucy and Miss Sally Ann looked at one another. Old Dicey wrinkled her face into a toothless smile. 'I knows why they'se lookin' at each other,' she told herself. 'Miss Dora's lookin' to see ef Miss Lucy or Miss Sally Ann's expectin'. And Miss Lucy's lookin' to see ef Miss Dora or Miss Sally Ann's expectin'. And, Miss Sally Ann's eyes is so big 'cause she's skeered to death she won't have no other chile but dat one, poor, skinny little young 'un of hers. Daughters—that's all they'se had an' Marster didn't want 'em to pull in dere corset strings an' stop tryin'. He didn't want em' to stop wid a pack ob girls. Dat's why Marster fixed it dis heah way . . .'

'And the house slaves shall be divided as follows,' the lawyer was saying. 'Two to each of my daughters, to be chosen by them in turn according to their age. But Old Dicey, my good and faithful servant, shall choose for herself in which home she is to live and she shall be cared for . . .'

Old Dicey didn't hear the rest of it. Tears were running down her cheeks and she was thinking so hard about Marster that she couldn't think of anything else. 'Marster had a powerful hot temper, but he was mighty good to Dicey,' she mumbled as she wiped her eyes on one corner of her apron. 'Marster wouldn't give Dicey away like she wuz an ole stick . . .'

Miss Dora and Miss Lucy and Miss Sally Ann were crowding around Dicey now, patting her on the back and telling her that she didn't have a thing to worry about. They looked like the flowers in Marster's garden, Dicey thought, even if their hoop skirted dresses were made out of black stuff now. Miss Dora's yellow hair and shiny brown eyes

made her look just like a sunflower and Miss Lucy was a tall white lily and Miss Sally Ann was all pink and sweet like a moss rose. 'Yes,' Dicey said to herself. 'I've raised mighty pretty chillun.'

Miss Dora was squeezing Dicey's hand now and asking, 'You'll come and live with me—won't you, Dicey?'

And Miss Lucy was straightening Dicey's head handkerchief and saying, 'You'll just take it easy at Pretty Place.'

And Miss Sally Ann was stroking Dicey's shoulder and declaring, 'Cedar Pond is where Dicey's going to live—I just know it!'

When they had finished speaking, Marster's daughters stood there, waiting for her to answer. But she couldn't think of a thing to say. She wished they'd all go away. Couldn't they see that she didn't want to live nowhere but in Marster's house?

'Come, come, Dicey,' Miss Dora said at last. 'Which of us are you going to choose?'

'Ef you don' mind, Miss Dora, I'd ruther stay right here in de big house'—Dicey mumbled, weeping into the corner of her apron.

'But you can't do that!' Miss Dora cried. 'The house is going to be closed and there won't be a soul in it. Come on, Dicey—make up your mind.'

'Ef you don' mind, Miss Dora, I'd kind of like to look de places over,' ole Dicey sobbed.

'Look the places over!' cried Miss Dora. Then she threw back her head and began to laugh. 'How perfectly killing! She wants to look us over! Did you hear that?'

'Perhaps she wants to see who is the best housekeeper,' giggled Miss Lucy.

'Or perhaps she wants to find out who has the best things to eat,' suggested Miss Sally Ann, her eyes twinkling.

'Wait!' said Miss Dora, as an idea seemed to strike her. 'Pool hasn't anything to do to-day. He can take Father's carriage and drive her around to all three places. And then we'll get a report on what we're like. Won't that be too AMUSING for words?'

'Just the thing!' said Miss Lucy and Miss Sally Ann together, and then Miss Dora turned back to Dickey and said: 'Pool's going to take you out in the carriage, Dickey. He's going to take you to Pleasant Hill and Pretty Place and Cedar Pond. You can spend the whole day seeing the places and you must have lunch at Pleasant Hill. Then you can tell us this evening which one of us you've chosen! How about that, Dickey?'

And Dickey, looking at Miss Dora's yellow hair and Miss Lucy's pretty white neck and Miss Sally Ann's sweet, pink face said, 'Yes'm, Miss Dora. I reckon by dis evenin' I kin make up my mind.'

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before Old Dickey left Miss Sally Ann's house. She had had orange flower syrup at Miss Lucy's and lunch at Miss Dora's and cakes and anisette at Miss Sally Ann's. She had seen the rose garden at Pretty Place and the Jack grape arbour at Pleasant Hill and the lake with the swans on it at Cedar Pond. She had watched Miss Dora's three little girls rolling hoops on the grass and Miss Sally Ann's one little girl getting her long curls combed over the curling stick and Miss Lucy's twins practising a duet on the new piano.

'They's right pretty chillun,' she said to Pool as she climbed into the carriage. 'But they ain't studyin' 'bout me, Pool. Miss Dora's chillun didn't eben stop rolling dose hoops when I cum, an' Miss Sally Ann's little girl wouldn't let me git my hands on dat curling stick, an' Miss Lucy's

twins jes' said "Hello, Dicey" careless like and went on strummin' on de piano.'

'They'se all got fine houses,' said Pool as he climbed up on the carriage box. 'I hopes Miss Sally Ann chooses me—I likes dat pond. Bet they'se got a heap ob fishes in it.'

He whipped up the horses and started down the road. After a while he said: 'Gee, but it's hot! Bet youse glad I put down de carriage top.'

'Sho' is,' said Dicey. 'I kin talk to you right good from here when dat top's down. We'se got a long piece to go 'fore we git back to Marster's house—ain't we?'

'Bout five miles.'

Old Dicey said nothing for a few minutes. Then she leaned forward and called, 'Pool!'

'Yeah?'

'You don' happen to know whar Mistah Johnny's house is—does yer?'

'Sho' I do,' said Pool. 'It's 'bout a mile down de road at de next turn. But t'ain't nothin' of a house!'

'How come you know whar Mistah Johnny's house is?' Dicey asked suspiciously.

'Oh, I jes' happen to be walkin' in de woods one day when Mistah Johnny wuz cuttin' logs and he done showed it to me.'

'Mistah Johnny cuttin' logs!' said Dicey, sitting up straight. 'Since when's Mistah Johnny cum to cuttin' logs?'

'Eber since he married dat girl a year ago.'

Dicey shook her head. 'Marster nebber spoke his name since de day he an' Mr. Johnny had de row,' she said. 'An' he tole me nebber to say his name neither an' nebber to ask whar he is. I minded him, too! But Marster's dead now, Pool!'

'Sho' is,' said Pool.

They jogged along awhile in silence. Then Dicey called again: 'Pool!'

'What yer wan', Dicey?'

'I reckon I'd like to see Mistah Johnny's house while we'se out!'

Pool drew the horses up with a jerk and turned square around on the carriage box. 'What fer yer takin' a notion like that in yer head?'

'I'se out seein' the chillun's houses—ain't I?'

Pool snorted. 'Yer know 'twould make Miss Dora and Miss Lucy and Miss Sally Ann plumb mad ef yer went to Mistah Johnny's house. An' Marster'll be climbin' right out ob his grave ef yer go callin' on Mistah Johnny's wife.'

'Marster?'

'Yer heard me—Marster!'

'Go long, Pool,' said Dicey, tying a new knot in her head handkerchief. 'Marster didn't mean half what he sed 'bout Mistah Johnny. Dat boy wuz de apple of Marster's eye. An' I bet Marster's sorry right now in Heben 'bout de row he had—I bet he's wishin' dat Old Dicey would take a peek at Mistah Johnny an' see how he's gettin' on. How 'bout it, Pool?'

Pool laid the whip on the horses' backs. 'Reckon it won't hurt jes' to say howdy to Mistah Johnny,' he answered as he kept his eye on the next turn.

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Pool was right. Mistah Johnny's house wasn't much of a house. It was, in fact, a log house built four rooms square.

'Jes' like de houses used to be 'round heah when I wuz a gal an' de Injuns wuz as thick as fleas,' Dicey said as she got out of the carriage and hobbled up on the gallery. Then

she knocked on the door and called in her high, cracked voice : ' Mistah Johnny—Mistah Johnny ! '

' Pears like no one's home,' said Pool when no one answered. ' Guess we best be goin' on.'

Dicey felt the door. It was not latched and she pushed it open. ' Guess I'll jes' take a look aroun', ' she said. ' Mistah Johnny won't keer.'

She shuffled down the hall with Pool behind her. ' Mistah Johnny——' she called again. Then she stopped still, for there was Mistah Johnny rushing out of the second door. He was trembling all over and his face was as white as a piece of paper.

' Dicey ! ' he cried. ' Oh, thank God you've come ! '

He threw his arms around her just as he used to do when he was a boy in trouble. Dicey wanted to ask him what he'd been up to now, but he was hurrying her along so fast that she couldn't get a word out—hurrying her through the doorway into the bedroom on the right.

There was a girl in the bedroom—a girl who was clinging to the bedpost as though she would never let go of it. Dicey's old eyes looked at her and understood. It wasn't the first girl she had seen clinging to a bedpost—Marster's wife had done the same thing when Mistah Johnny was coming in a hurry.

' Lord hab mercy,' mumbled Dicey. ' She's borning a baby ! '

At the sound of Dicey's voice, the girl stopped struggling for a brief second and the tears on her long lashes began to trickle down her cheeks. ' I thought it was the doctor,' she murmured in a weak, disappointed voice.

' He'll be here soon—I know he will,' Mistah Johnny was saying. ' It's been forty minutes now since I sent that boy for him. But Dicey can help you now, darling ! '

The girl shook her head as though she found no comfort in his words. Then she began to struggle again.

'Do something for her, Dicey!' Mistah Johnny was begging. 'Oh, please do something!'

Dicey took a long breath. Then she put her arms around the girl's quivering shoulders. 'There, honey,' she said. 'Dicey's goin' to make everything cum right—don't you worry! You ain' the fust woman that's hung on to a bedpos'. It's jes' de way de Lord has of puttin' people on dis heah earth—makin' women have pains like dat. Jes' you let go dat bedpos' and git in dat bed so it'll be easier on yer. Old Dicey can manage—jes' like she done when Marster's wife wuz took sudden wid Mistah Johnny and Marster couldn't git de doctah quick enuff. Yes, honey—don' you worry! Old Dicey's borned a heap of babies!'

The girl gave a long sigh. Then her fingers loosened their grip on the bedpost and leaning heavily on Dicey she made the few steps to the bed.

'There, darling!' Mistah Johnny was saying. 'You do feel better—don't you, dearest?'

'Bettah!' cried Dicey, turning on him with wrath in her old eyes. 'Ef yer ain' a plumb fool, Mistah Johnny! Youse askin' dis poor chile ef she don' feel bettah when de pains is gettin' wuss an' wuss all de time. Youse jes' like old Marster—he didn't hab a grain of sense when you wuz comin' into de world. Jes' kep' runnin' round de room askin' yer poor ma ef she didn't feel fine! Pool—you git outside fast as you kin an' chop wood so there'll be a plenty to keep de fire goin' in de stove and, Mistah Johnny, you git all de pots and kettles you kin and fill 'em with water an' git dat water boilin'. Go 'long—we don' need yer 'round heah!'

It was all over, The baby had been born before the doctor came and Dicey had cut the cord. There had been little for the doctor to do when he got there and he had left in ten minutes. Now Mistah Johnny's wife was lying quietly on the bed and Mistah Johnny was stretched out beside her—boots and all—holding her hand. And in the basket at the foot of the bed the child was sleeping.

Old Dicey looked down at the basket. 'Jes' a plain old clothes basket,' she said to herself. 'Right neat and pretty wid all dat pink tacked round it an' de little white pillow and sheet. But t'ain't nothin' like de cradle Mistah Johnny had wid de swan's neck holding de lace skeeter bar.'

She sat down in the rocker beside the basket and looked at Mistah Johnny's wife. 'Sho' is pretty,' she thought. 'She ain't like a flower—she's like an angel wid her golden hair spread out on de pillow-slip and dose blue eyes wide open. An' jes' lissen how lovin' Mistah Johnny's voice is !'

'Our son,' he was saying. 'Just think of it, Penelope !'

Penelope smiled faintly. Then she lifted Mistah Johnny's hand to her lips. 'You'll have to work harder than ever,' she sighed.

'But I'll love to work when you and he are waiting for me ! I'll get a crop out of this land yet. It's poor land down by this creek, but I'll get a crop out of it somehow.'

Mistah Johnny's wife said nothing for a moment. Then she murmured : 'If your father could have seen him, he might have forgiven you . . .'

Mistah Johnny shook his head. 'But just the same, I'd have liked him to know that he had a grandson. . . .'

Mistah Johnny's words sent a shock through Old Dicey's

body. 'Oh, Lordy!' she cried—'Marster's grandson! He'll git de big house an' de cotton fiels!'

She was so excited that it was quite a while before she could tell them all about the lawyer and Marster's will. But when she had finally gotten the words out, Mistah Johnny drew a long breath and said, 'If that's so, our son will have the finest fields of cotton in the whole state and he'll give his mother the handsomest house in Natchez to live in and a dress of blue silk. . . .'

'And a hat with a pink plume in it, like you've always promised me, Jonathan! Don't forget that!' said Mistah Johnny's wife.

They both laughed together. Then he said: 'Perhaps Father hoped it would be this way. Father was rough sometimes but he had a great heart, Penelope.'

'Glory be!' said Dicey. 'Course Marster knew what he wuz doin'!' And with those words she lifted up her voice and began to sing to the pink bundle in the basket:

*'Froggie went a courtin', he did ride
Um-hm . . . Um-hm
Sword an' a pistol by his side
Um-hm . . . Um-hm
By an' by he cum to Miss Mouse's . . .'*

The child stirred, puckered its lips, began to cry. Old Dicey stopped singing. 'Ef yer ain' jes' like yer pa!' she cried as she began to pat the pink blanket. 'Hard headed an' contrary! jes' a yellin' yer head off for dat dere sword and pistol! But it don' do you no good, honey, to be so contrary—not a speck ob good. You'se goin' to lissen 'bout Miss Mouse's house an' de weddin' feast a heap ob times 'fore you grows up—'cause Old Dicey's done chose you!'

New Orleans.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

L. A. G. STRONG.

THOUGH man in his vanity ask for more, it is no bad thing to be remembered for a single poem or a song. It fixes the author's context. It determines the emotion with which he is remembered. And since, to be remembered at all, poem or song must have a hold on man's affections, the chances are that the author will share in them. At any rate, he will be associated with a single, definite emotion—nostalgia for the past, love of home or country—and there will be no blurring of his image in people's minds. Rouget de Lisle is recalled on state occasions and whenever Frenchmen feel patriotic. Cornishmen who never heard of Robert Stephen Hawker have honoured the man who asked 'And shall Trelawny die?' It may even be an advantage for the poet to be otherwise unknown. Whoever wrote the immortal verse that ends—

'And we in dreams behold the Hebrides,'

is entwined for ever with the deepest feelings of his countrymen. Our admiration for the author of the 'Bonny Earl o' Moray' is undisturbed by any biographical detail. We know nothing of him but the song.

Tom Moore or Stephen Foster, each remembered for a dozen songs, is in no better case; rather in worse. They touch our minds at several points, instead of only one. Listeners who thrill to 'Let Erin Remember' may turn affronted from 'Has Sorrow thy young Days Shaded', or, remembering the fun Samuel Butler made of 'the dear

gazelle', feel doubtful about their liking for 'I saw from the beach . . .' Besides, Moore is a famous figure in literary history. He does not speak for all Irish patriots, by any means. He can be disapproved of on social grounds. We can argue whether he did right or wrong in the matter of Byron's Journal. He is complex, disputable. We know too much about him.

Foster is happier, for almost all his songs express the same emotion, and in an idiom which allows us to be sentimental without shame. His songs have gone all over the world. Errand boys whistle them in Moscow, Spaniards accompany exotic versions of them on the guitar, and I have found one quite convincingly disguised as a Danish folk-song. But his tragic personal history is well known too, and invites a sorrow or a disapproval not inherent in the songs. No : the one-song men have the best of it.

Of the one-song men, Francis Sylvester Mahoney is among the luckiest. His name is associated for ever with one of earth's pleasant places, and with a beautiful tune. Needless to say, more is known of him than the song ; but he would be happier if the song were all, since, while it epitomises one side of his nature and of his experience, it is hardly characteristic of the whole. Its odd mixture of charm, pedantry, ingenuity, and sensitiveness expresses well enough the early Father Prout, but has nothing to say of the sarcastic controversialist or the recluse who ended his days in Paris. In that life, so gaily and purposefully begun, something went wrong : one of those deep disappointments which, apparently acknowledged and compensated on the surface, eat away the heart.

Thus, when he died, and the Athenaeum said, 'Poor Father Prout has gone from a world which he helped to make merry and wise, in his quaint Irish fashion,' it spoke

of the surface only. Underneath, from the very beginning, Francis Mahoney had a deep seriousness. Many an Irishman has failed to square his practice with his theory, but few take the failure as tragically as Mahoney appears to have taken his.

The second son of Martin Mahoney, a manufacturer of woollen goods, Francis was born at Cork in 1804. He claimed, in later life, to be a descendant of the O'Mahonies of Dromore Castle—another place associated for ever with a beautiful song. He was educated at Clongowes, went to France, and, with his brother Nicholas, became a student at a Jesuit College at Amiens.

His father wanted him to practise at the bar, but Francis had resolved to enter the Order. He was sent to Paris, where he spent two years of his novitiate, and then to Rome, where he was finally admitted. An abbé in Paris, a biassed witness perhaps, since he hated the Jesuits and all their works, wrote of Mahoney in later years that he was typical in possessing 'fanaticism, dissimulation, intrigue, and chicanery.' His superiors, however, were not as sure of his fitness to be a Jesuit. The young man's scholastic qualifications were remarkable. He could talk Latin fluently, and compose with ease in prose and verse; but he was high-spirited and headstrong, and did not take kindly to the severe discipline of the Order.

Still, so brilliant a scholar and so serious a purpose were not to be withstood. All went well at Paris, and at Rome. It was not until Mahoney returned to Ireland, and was made Prefect of Studies at Clongowes, that the trouble began.

It was a time of intense political consciousness in Ireland. The failure of the 1798 rebellion had thrown the people into a mood of sullen apathy, and now O'Connell, violent,

eloquent, full of coarse vitality, was forcing his vision upon them, labouring at a movement which, with Moore as its absentee lyrist, was to inaugurate the new Ireland. Instead of forlornly lamenting the past, Irishmen began to see that they might dare to hope for a future.

Mahoney took only a satirist's interest in politics, but he had never approved of O'Connell, whom he disqualified as politician on the novel ground that he could not translate a chapter from any of the Gospels in the Greek Testament, and had never put a Latin hexameter or pentameter together in his life. He was never careful to keep his opinions to himself, and presently spoke out of season.

One evening, after a day spent in coursing with his pupils, Mahoney was entertained to supper by the father of one of them, a man named Sheehan. At the table was the parish priest, one Father Callinan. Callinan spoke in praise of O'Connell, and drew upon himself a violent outburst.

Mahoney beat the table with his fist.

'Fifty O'Connells,' he thundered, 'would not have got you Catholic Emancipation if the great bulk of the English nation had not made up their minds that the time was come, and Peel and Wellington had not been afraid of a civil war. The humblest boy in any of the lower schools at Clongowes,' he added, 'could run before O'Connell in classics. He never yet had a particle of sympathy with scholars and scholarship, and he never will.'

He went on to say that O'Connell hated all Catholics, and to abuse the priest for supporting such a man.

The good Father Callinan did not appreciate either the criticisms or the manner in which they were uttered. He was avenged, for the Prefect of Studies wound up the evening by getting very drunk, and returning to the seminary in that condition with his pupils.

This escapade, not unnaturally, cost him his post. He went to Freiburg and thence to Florence, where he received the news of his dismissal from the Order. Instead of hardening his heart, he set himself to be admitted a priest. He attended lectures for two years, and at last, after many obstacles, achieved his ambition. Then, to his great delight, he was sent back to Cork, his native city, where he became chaplain to a hospital. An epidemic of cholera, during which he devotedly tended the sufferers, proved his courage, but he was of a temperament not easily kept in order, and a difference between him and his bishop caused him to leave Cork. He had wished to have a new church built, which he was to administer entirely by himself, and the bishop, realising the danger of so independent a mind in a position of authority, refused his leave.

Mahoney now went to London, where his redoubtable fellow-townsmen, William Maginn, received him with open arms, and he at once became a figure of importance. He preached an occasional sermon, and officiated now and then at the chapel of the Spanish Ambassador : but his literary gifts, so long bottled up, bubbled to achievement, and he grew less and less a priest, and more a man of letters. Maginn, already celebrated as a journalist, was editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. It was to him that John Murray had first entrusted the task of writing *Byron's Life*, but, fortunately perhaps for Byron and certainly for Moore, he had given it up. He opened his columns to Mahoney, and *Fraser's* saw the birth of Father Prout.

There had been a real Father Prout near Cork, whom Mahoney had known and admired in his boyhood : but Mahoney's Prout soon added to the original, and became a substantial character with a life of his own. 'The Reliques of Father Prout', which appeared monthly in *Fraser's* for

two years, combined fiction, learning, and satire in a new way.

This work, which gave him a Bohemian life and full licence to attack any and everybody who displeased him, suited Mahoney down to the ground. His wit, his scholarship, and his impudence all found scope. He translated 'Hohenlinden' into Latin, and 'The Groves of Blarney' into Latin, Greek, and French. One of his happiest efforts was to render some of Moore's poems into Latin and French, and claim that his versions were the originals.

'I must acknowledge,' he confessed, 'that in terseness, point, pathos and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves.'

Father Prout had a fine time. He represented himself in conversation with Sir Walter Scott, he parodied Dionysius Lardner, he was offensive to Bulwer Lytton, he stoutly defended Harriet Martineau. All acknowledged his wit, but it was of the kind that made enemies.

'There was,' wrote Charles Kent,

'but too often something scurrile in his acerbity . . . The personalities and nicknames with which he pelted the motley throng of those who in any way excited his antipathy, must have bred ill blood enough at the time of their first publication, and read even now most offensively when the passion of the hour has long subsided.'

The *Reliques* went on till 1836. They soon appeared in two volumes, under the name of an imaginary editor, and illustrated by another Irishman, Daniel Maclise. When, a year later, Dickens started *Bentley's Miscellany*, Father Prout was on the first page of the first number with a poem entitled 'The Bottle of St. Januarius'. He translated 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' into French, again claiming his

version as the original : he parodied Chatterton. Eighteen contributions from his pen appeared in succeeding numbers of the *Miscellany*. The literary clubs of London were as wide open to him as was Lady Blessington's, and he was a regular visitor to Harrison Ainsworth at Kensal Lodge.

The contributors to *Fraser's* met regularly to confer and drink, and in the celebrated drawing by Daniel Maclise we see, in a group of twenty-seven that includes Maginn, Thackeray, Coleridge, Southey, and Lockhart, Scott's biographer, 'Shrewdly peering . . . from under his eyebrows and over his spectacles, Frank Mahoney.'

Jerrold provides a detailed portrait of him at this time :—

'He was a remarkable figure in London. A short, spare man, stooping as he went, with the right arm clasped in the left hand behind him ; a sharp face with piercing grey eyes that looked vacantly upwards, a mocking lip, a close-shaven face, and an ecclesiastical garb of slovenly appearance—such was the old Fraserian, who would laugh outright at times, quite unconscious of by-standers, as he slouched towards Temple Bar, perhaps on his way to the tavern in Fleet Street where Johnson's chair stood in the chimney-corner.'

The reference to Johnson was apt. John Sheehan describes Mahoney, in a preface to one edition of the 'Bentley Ballads', as

'a brilliant conversationalist and a most amusing, although not always to some of his hearers agreeable, companion. There was a strong Johnsonian element in him of consciousness, amounting sometimes to contemptuous superiority, which would sometimes break into downright rudeness of discussion. He had an ungovernable propensity to break flies upon the wheel, and to smash little people who were presumptuous enough to doubt, even with the utmost courtesy, the correctness of his opinions.'

But a restless spirit drove Mahoney on. He went abroad,

travelled through Europe—Father Prout wrote ‘a Poetical Epistle to Boz’ from Genoa—went to Asia Minor, and came back for a short while to London.

He had now settled down, in Charles Kent’s description, as a

‘bookish scholarly flâneur, loitering through life by preference in continental cities; with quips and cranks galore for everyone he encountered; gladdened by the chance, whenever he was lucky enough to stumble across one, of foregathering with an old friend from whom he had long drifted apart, and from this time forward until the very end giving up his pen exclusively to the rough and ready labours of the journalist.’

He was, as usual, busy in controversy. When Bentley fell out with Ainsworth, his editor, Mahoney, took Bentley’s part, and attacked Ainsworth violently.

More travel followed, and, after a stay in Malta, Mahoney went to Rome and served two years as the correspondent of the *Daily News*. Father Prout had become a Liberal. He cut a figure in Rome, and attended English Parties, an odd mixture of seminarist and man of letters. During these two years he saw a good deal of the Brownings, who were in Florence. He had met Robert earlier in London, and Elizabeth at Leghorn soon after her marriage. Mahoney was so delighted to see Browning in Florence that he kissed him, to the poet’s embarrassment. Both the Brownings liked him well, though Elizabeth found his habits rather trying: she always had to provide him with a spittoon. But the lonely Mahoney outstayed his welcome, boring Robert and almost stifling the pair with his strong tobacco. As soon as he had gone, the Brownings would look at each other, sigh with relief, and fling the window open. It is a sad commentary on Father Prout’s hunger for literary con-

versation that he, the entertainer and wit, should become a burden.

Elizabeth suffered even more than Robert, but the two were far too kind to let their guest see their feelings, or even to let their judgment be influenced. Elizabeth wrote,

'I believe him to be kind hearted and feeling—and his agreeableness when he pleases and his cleverness in every way, are quite undeniable.'

Presently, however, Mahoney's duties took him to Rome for longer periods, and the Brownings had relief. That Elizabeth was right in her estimate of his kind heart she realised when her poem, 'A Child's Grave in Florence', appeared. Mahoney, taking it literally, wrote her a long and eloquent letter of consolation. At once touched and annoyed, she pointed out in reply that, if her child had died, she would hardly be able to sit down at once and write an elegy upon him.

One service, however, Mahoney was able to do his friends. Browning could not sleep, and the doctors were unable to find a cause. Mahoney, barging in one evening, cursed them for a pack of fools, beat up two eggs in a bottle of wine, and bullied Browning into drinking it. He did so, despite remonstrances, and at once fell into a sound sleep.

In 1848 Mahoney went to Paris, where he spent the remainder of his days, becoming more and more of a recluse. In his lodgings, things were anyhow. As far as anyone looked after him, he looked after himself. His life was, as S. C. Hall put it,

'the very opposite to that of a gentleman. He was every day to be seen at Galignani's—seldom anywhere else, yet generally silent there—strolling in, greeting few or none, reading the paper, conversing not at all on topics of the

day's news, and returning to his solitary chamber to read and write.'

Jerrold supplies another picture. He saw Mahoney 'approaching along the Boulevards with his arms clasped behind him; his nose in the air; his hat worn as French caricaturists insist all Englishmen wear hat or cap; his quick, clear, deep-seeking eye, wandering sharply to the right or left; and sarcasm—not of the sourest kind—playing like jack-o'-lantern in the corners of his mouth.'

He still wrote. Officially he was the Paris correspondent of *The Globe*, in which he owned a few shares, and contributed to it till his death. He wrote now and then for the *Athenaeum*, and an inaugural ode from him appeared in the first number of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, which Murray launched in 1860.

Three years later, he sent a petition to Rome, asking that he might 'resort thenceforth to lay communion'. A priest, Monsignor Rogerson, had long been a close friend, and visited him every day during his last illness. Mahoney had complained, in his infrequent, witty letters to friends in England, that his 'pipes' were none too good. They went back on him at last, and he died, in 1866, of diabetes and bronchitis. A collection was started at home in Cork in order to raise a memorial to him, but only eight pounds was contributed, and the proposal was abandoned.

For a general account of Mahoney as a social being, we may turn to Hall. Speaking of his London days, he says:—

'Sometimes he would enter our drawingroom, keep his hands in his pockets, look all about him, make some observation such as "You have changed your curtains since I was here last," bid us good morning and retire—his visit occupying some three minutes. At other times he would sit and have "a chat" about old times and forgotten peoples, then his remarks would be "pithy" and to the point, the geniality

of his nature would come out, and he was the pleasant, intelligent, and agreeable companion. But genial he was not; he was terse, sharp, and often bitter; and although his ecclesiastical training had rendered him cautious to a degree that amounted to suspicion, occasionally he would indulge in praise as well as censure, and seem to enjoy the one as much as he did the other.'

Yes. Father Prout was lucky in his song, that odd, attractive jingle, which so happily crystallises all that was best in his nature and pleasantest in his life. The picture it calls up is not of seminaries and disappointed hopes, nor of Kensington and controversy, nor of a lonely old man toasting a chop in a small, none too clean apartment of a foreign city; but of smiling waters, of sunshine, and a tune as graceful as the ripples and the distant sound of the bells. (It is the tune variously known as 'The Groves of Blarney' and 'The Young Man's Dream', which Moore used for 'The Last Rose of Summer', only the time is different from Moore's.) And how biographical the song, how fully it covers his happier days. First, childhood:—

*'With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon Bells,
Whose sound so wild would in days of childhood
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.'*

Then travel abroad, and Rome and Paris:—

*'I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.'*

But nothing could replace in his love

*'The bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.'*

That is how he is remembered, and he could hardly have wished it otherwise.

BUSH BABIES—BLACK AND WHITE.

BY CONSTANCE CRAIG.

I LOOKED up the definition of a Pioneer in my dictionary, and found it to be 'one who goes before to clear away obstructions.' The only obstruction in my way was my husband. I cleared him away. 'You had much better take a flat in Perth, until the house is built,' said the Boss, and after seeing the tin hut three hundred miles from civilisation that was to be our temporary home, I wondered why I had been so firm. It *was* a tin hut, two rooms of corrugated iron, unlined, crinkled inside and out, with an earth floor. The doors of the two rooms were at the extreme edges of a front verandah, with a detached kitchen and cook's room; and, as the Boss so proudly pointed out, we had a shower bath. I looked at it, it stood in the open, fifty yards from the cottage, there was a hole where the door should be, and it faced the men's quarters. I decided against using it. It is a pity the doors of our two rooms should be at the extreme ends of the verandah . . . so tiring to walk right round the house to go to bed . . . so the Boss produced tin snips, and remedied this by cutting a hole in the tin between the two rooms. What difficulties civilisation makes! Opposite us our house of stone and plaster, and dining-room hatches, polishings and dustings, was taking shape. We went over to visit it daily, the Firstborn prattling along beside, full of plans for 'My nursery.' He walked one day, with bare feet on a newly finished wet cement floor, to the utter wrath of the plasterer. I, remembering my father telling me that he had once seen in the ruins of Babylon

the imprint of a child's foot planted there two thousand years before Christ, wondered if future generations would look at the print of a little white bush baby, and wonder whose it was.

'This is impossible country to muster, and shearing starts in a month; I am taking on some aborigines,' the Boss announced one day; 'they will camp in the paddock at the back of the house, and not worry you at all; only for goodness sake don't start giving the gins clothes or they will pester you all day.' I was pleasantly interested. The next day I found my husband deep in conversation with a big buck nigger; loitering behind him, making patterns in the sand with her bare toes was his gin. 'This Mrs. Reece,' the man of the party introduced. I bowed, Mrs. Reece giggled engagingly, swinging one bare leg nonchalantly to and fro—*Toujours la Politesse*.

The housework of our cottage was delightfully easy, no floor to polish, and very little to sweep; and sitting one morning reading to the Firstborn on the verandah, a dark shadow fell in front of me. 'Missus got it ole clo?' Missus had not. She wore her ole clo. 'Missus got it rice?' Missus had not. 'Missus got it salt? Sugar, meat?' Mrs. Reece was getting plaintive; 'Got it castor-oil for sick baby?' Missus fell, and Mrs. Reece departed, dripping castor-oil on her fingers, and sucking it off with relish.

The Boss came in one afternoon reporting that we were to have a visitor; a woman journeying to a futher station needed a bed for the night. Luckily the weather was hot, and what are verandahs for, anyway? 'Can I have a bath?' was her first question.

'Certainly,' the Boss replied, pulling the family bath-tub into the living-room and filling it with hot water. 'We will draw a chalk line round the bath and there's your

bathroom ! No one will disturb your privacy.' Mrs. Reece had a better way. Waking from my afternoon rest, I heard Bedlam let loose in front of the house. Mrs. Reece, the Masters and Misses Reeces, and friends, all as nature made them, were splashing in and out of my only bath-tub.

'You can't do that there 'ere,' said I furiously. They had put the bath in the simplest manner under the only tap near the cottage, and as the water splashed out, they let more in from the tap.

'Sun hot, missus, like 'em nice bath,' then the inevitable 'Missus got it ole clo?' In desperation I produced 'ole clo'; a model from a famous London house, that had once graced Viceregal parties in India, and later done duty for lesser ones in Australia. Mrs. Reece was enchanted, she giggled and crooned and patted, and finally put it on, and walked proudly back to her camp with her stream of followers after her, looking like a line of long brown caterpillars. Shades of Reville and Rossiter ! Never was a model of theirs more proudly worn.

'Missus get it doctor quick, another lady laid my wife out !' Reece in all his fury stood in front of me. The nearest doctor was seventy miles away, I felt his time, and incidentally, our money should be saved. I fled to the camp. Mrs. Reece, as her husband had so rightly stated, was 'laid out'; the implement being a young tree wielded by a still younger gin. From the babel of voices round I could get no coherent statement, however, with cold water and encouraging sounds, I restored Mrs. Reece to a grateful family.

The next request for a doctor was rather more alarming, 'Snake bite my gin, I cut her tow off, now she don't feel too good !' A just retribution had befallen the wielder of the tree. I felt the Boss should deal with the situation.

He reported that the patient was 'doing as well as could be expected,' and peace reigned in a once agitated camp.

Did I say we had had a drought? The stock route was littered with dead cattle, and the paddocks with dead sheep. The edible shrubs all eaten, in some cases one felt that the sheep had almost climbed the trees in search of food. Then the break—the drenching rain, smelling musky on a dry, thirsty earth—the little shoots of green coming up so quickly one could almost see them grow, the sunshine, the brightly coloured parrots, and finally the everlastings in bloom.

'I have to camp for a couple of nights at the back of the run,' announced the Boss one day; 'would you like to come?' I, glad to get out of the fly-filled cottage, agreed. I felt when I eventually got my house, I should want nothing else but to sit inside its wire doors and windows, saying 'Boo' to all the flies, that beat their bodies unavailingly against the wires. So that night, with the Firstborn on a mattress inside the car, the Boss and I slept hand in hand on a carpet of everlastings—mauve, yellow, white and pink, as far as the eye could see, a sheet of pale colour. Our camp-fire glowed dimly beside us, and as the day faded into night, the Southern Cross looked down, giving us its blessing from above.

The day came at last to leave the cottage, for as Mrs. Reece put it, 'Missus got it little fella in pouch,' and unlike Mrs. Reece, I needed more at that time than a sheltering gum-tree. The next time I returned, the stone house with all its glories would take possession of us, and our long-stored household Gods.

Household gods do not stay stored longer than necessary in a country where, even if thieves do not break in and steal, silver fish and moth very much corrupt, and so we journeyed back again to the stone house. When we start

on a journey I find it more tactful to produce all the luggage, and then quietly retire while the Boss indulges in the pastime known as 'packing the car'—in goes a pram and cot, a play pen and a bath, our luggage and finally ourselves—and just as we are ready to leave a friend kindly remarks : 'I was just wondering how you would get out if the car caught fire.' I never wonder about things like that—the things that cause me to wonder are : 'Will the milk keep for the babies' food? Will the Firstborn be car sick?' And always 'Will the old car survive the 300 miles over Bush roads?' My babies adore the Bush. They grew up in it. It held no terrors for them. Bush animals were their friends, their tracks through the paddocks their earliest alphabet. The humans that arrived on occasional visits, these were their terrors, these and the quiet strange children with whom they were asked to 'play nicely' on occasional visits to Perth.

So friendly was the Bush, and so enticing its beckoning finger, that the Firstborn became too bold. We missed him one day, for only one short hour was he lost, but in that hour his parents lived through many of misery. The work of the station stopped, 'all hands and the cook' literally joined in the search, and presently the guardian angel of bush babies guided one to where he sat, resting his tired little legs, in the firm faith that Daddy would come. Then we had for the first time to put fear into his life, we had somehow to frighten him of the Bush, to make it no longer his friend. We did it with a lie, the only one I think we ever told him. We told him that emus were waiting to eat little boys that strayed from home; they would never, never, touch him near the house, but, should he go out of sight they were lying in wait for him behind every gum-tree. As an extra precaution we tied a cow-bell

round his neck, and the sound of that friendly little tinkle eased our minds all day. Little boys don't wear cow-bells in London parks.

The Firstborn and his father were driving back one evening from the nearest town. When they were still thirty miles from home the truck made strange noises, the radiator was boiling. The nearest water was a well five miles away, through the Bush, too far for a little boy of four to walk. It was nearly dark, and the trees made ghostly outlines against the sky—the Bush at night is like a Rackham drawing. 'You lie down on the seat, old man, and go to sleep, I will get some water to make the truck go again, said the Boss.

'But, Daddy, what about the emus?'

How our lies ricochet back to us! The Boss thought hard and quickly. 'I'm going to walk right round the truck with a stick, and draw a magic line on the ground, and when the emus come to it they won't dare cross it.' When the Boss returned the Firstborn was curled up on the truck seat, sleeping an untroubled sleep under the stars. Would that we could keep such faith, even in each other.

People often ask me if I ride much in Australia. I do not. I'm very busy when I ride, and I like my horses well schooled. The Bush babies do not mind. The Second-born passed me one day, going all out on her Brumby pony. 'Can you pull up?' I shouted.

'No, but I don't want to,' floated back her answer. I am not like that, when I want to, I want to badly.

The Youngest, the Boss says, is the best man on the place. Our most intelligent of sheep-dogs looks at me affectionately, wags her tail, and does nothing when I order her to round sheep; but when the 'best man' says 'way round' with a wave of her hand, Bluey gallops after the vanishing

sheep in the approved style. At shearing time the 'best man' is in her element, she catches her pony, saddles and bridles it, and her little figure is to be seen all day fetching in, and taking out mobs of sheep. 'Daddy and I have had a hard day,' she states as she comes in tired in the evening, having watered her pony and let it go. The Middle one and I have had a hard day, too, cooking for the extra hands, and, as the sun sinks red behind the hills, and the sheep penned up for the next day's shearing can be faintly heard bleating, we settle comfortably beside our wireless, to hear news from Home.

The black bush baby has no sense of *amour propre*. I discovered this from a family camped in one of the paddocks. We were returning one day, from one of our chief diversions, plucking dead wool off dead sheep, in the days before the drought broke and wool was worth plucking—when I heard screams of laughter from my bedroom. I rushed in, there were three black babies in convulsions of laughter, they had discovered their first looking-glass. The front door had been left open, so why stand on ceremony? They had not. After walking round inspecting all 'them white fella things,' they had at last reached the mirror. It answered their grimaces back, the more faces they made, the more it made. It was an enchanting game. They screwed their faces up like little black monkeys, they twisted their bodies round like marionettes, and the figures in the glass followed their every movement. Surely a ballet was born in that spontaneous miming.

My babies started with the Bush alphabet, but it is the only book the black babies ever read. The Boss one day took a native boy with him in the car as a gate opener. The child sat silent nearly all the way; the beauties of Nature interested him not at all, the workings of the car very little.

Suddenly he burst into peals of laughter. 'What matter, Johnny?'

'Oh, Boss, fella drive spring cart along here, two horses tandem, little fella dog in cart, dog jump out, man try catch him, horses go one side, one other, man try catch 'em all three.' It was all there written in the tracks for him to read.

Christmas in Australia maintains the same traditions as in the Old Country. We eat turkey and plum pudding under a roasting sun. Father Christmas manages to journey in his wonderful sleigh to the most outback stations, and the story of 'Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men' is read aloud to little children on the steps of a wide verandah. In the evening we gather round the wireless, the children standing rigidly to attention, while the King speaks to his people the world over. I with a lump in my throat, wondering if Father and Mother in England are listening to the self-same words at the same time. The King's Speech seems to bridge the distance.

HARBOUR CHILDREN.

BY P. DALZEL JOB.

CRUISING among the harbours of many lands, it is surely true that one of the greatest interests, if you are willing to look for it, is to be found in the children.

Lill-Evy, Fredrik, Bjørg, Johnny, Annemor, Archie, Theresa, Nicolay, Rita, Allan, Evie, Dora and Sheila, and 'the three Musketeers,' and all you scores of others; if I sail into your ports again, ten or twenty years hence, will you have forgotten me and my little ship? Will you be just ordinary men and women? No, I cannot believe that!

Evie, Dora and Sheila lived on the muddy bank of one of the dirtiest rivers in England. Evie was eight, with a smile of singular sweetness; and, if her head had not been shaved for the usual reason, she would have been pretty. Dora was five, and had the plump, rounded body of a baby and the lined face of a middle-aged woman. She usually wore a flannel dress, so shrunk that it scarcely reached below her waist, together with pink flannel unmentionables, and wellington-boots so many sizes too big that she could not bend her knees. Sheila, the youngest, was usually well-dressed, but her elder sisters spent a good deal of their time in retrieving important items of her underwear from the river mud.

At that time I was engaged in the hopeless task of trying to make a comfortable yacht out of a bad conversion; and every evening, when I stepped ashore, Evie and Dora would be waiting, each to clutch a hand and accompany me to the door of my cheap lodgings. One evening we passed an

exceptionally ragged child on the road, and Evie, on my right, announced : ' That little girl's got fleas.'

There was a pause, during which the ragged child grinned bashfully, and then Dora, on my left, whispered plaintively : ' Wish I'd got fleas.'

To this day I am unable to think what she can have imagined ' fleas ' to be !

A few weeks later, having decided, sadly, to sell my boat for what I could get, I was storing my gear, ' helped ' by Dora and Sheila. I had a large, white-enamel bin, marked ' BREAD ' in large letters, of which I was very proud ; and the children, who could not, of course, read the name, were very puzzled as to what this bin might be. There was a heated discussion, to which I did not pay much attention ; but a few minutes later Dora's indignant voice appealed to me across the busy yard. ' Mr. Job,' she cried, ' it's *not* a (slang word of two letters), *is* it, Mr. Job ?' . . .

The three Musketeers do their campaigning from the old pier of Newlyn. Their collective ages, when I first saw them, amounted to some twelve years ; and they came forcibly into my notice when the eldest leaped on to my deck and proceeded to run round and round at high speed, accompanied by shrieks of merriment from his companions.

On my appearing, to protest, the intruder scrambled back on to the quay ; but scarcely had I retired below, when the Musketeer returned, undaunted, to the fray, at an even higher speed, to the accompaniment of even louder cheers. This time I lifted him off the deck myself, and deposited him gently on the quay ; whereupon he threw himself flat on the ground, and howled as though he were mortally wounded, while his two companions sat themselves on either side, fixed their squinting eyes on me, and announced, firmly and repeatedly :

'We don't like yer ! We don't like yer !'

There seemed to be no effective answer to this attack ; but the Musketeers did not, apparently, bear any malice, for when next they saw me they rushed upon me with shrieks of 'I'm goin' ter tickle yer !' After all, one does not usually tickle one's enemies !

Of the children of my own country—of Archie, the terror of Tobermory, of Theresa of Suneart (surely the prettiest little girl in Scotland), and of many others—I cannot write in these few lines, so let us cross the North Sea to Norway, land of milk and fish and children.

It was in Skudeneshavn, that unspoilt little harbour among the rocks of Karmøy, that I met Fredrik ; Fredrik, with the fairest of fair hair, the bluest of blue eyes and the brownest of brown skins. Attracted by his quiet smile, and by the easy way in which he handled his boat-load of excited children, I asked him on board ; and, though he was not more than eight years old, he was evidently in command, for, at a word from him, the others scrambled out of his boat on to the neighbouring quay.

That was only the beginning. A long and difficult engine-repair kept me six weeks in Skudeneshavn, and I do not think that there was one day on which Fredrik failed to come aboard.

He spent, apparently, only an hour at school each day, for, every morning, about eleven o'clock, I would feel the ship shaking gently. That would be Fredrik climbing the main-mast ; but, having touched the truck, he would return to the deck, and not by a shuffle or a cough would he reveal his presence for so long as I chose to remain below. When I went on deck, however, he would always be there (he appeared to go completely without meals), ready to greet me with the same slow smile ; and then he would follow

my every movement, never leaving me until I went to bed.

He seemed to know exactly when to hand me a spike or to put a hand on a whipping ; and, if I went into the village to buy a tool, he would pad sturdily along beside me, bare-foot in the dust, to wait outside the shop until he could carry my purchase home. Sometimes he would row me among the rocks in his Viking skiff, under the burning July sun ; but he very seldom spoke until the sun had set over the North Sea. Then, while I smoked my evening pipe in the purple twilight, he would sit beside me and talk, very softly, about many things, but mostly about his father, whose ship was somewhere beyond the dim horizon.

Bergen is another town of children, and it was there, one fine day in May, that I found Lill-Evy sitting on my fore yard-arm—no place for a little girl in a neat blue frock, however attractive she looked, laughing down at me with her feet swinging in space ; but now the winter is coming on, and we must hurry northwards.

It was on a November evening in Tromsø, a week after the sun had left the Arctic for the winter, that Bjørg and Annemor came on board. They were interested in everything, in the electric fans, the bath, the barograph, the gas-cooker, the sextant, the mirrors, and, above all, in the contents of the innumerable lockers. Bjørg, the elder of the two, revealed a truly phenomenal knowledge of the British Royal Family ; and, when she discovered a box of carven ivory chessmen, she set out at once to reproduce, on the cabin table, the Coronation in Westminster Abbey.

Then Annemor noticed that there were two kings and two queens in the set. The red kind and queen were 'Kong George seks' and 'Dronning Elisabeth' ; but who were the other two ?

Bjerg looked at the white king and queen for an instant, with her head tilted in thought. Then she placed them carefully on one side.

'Of course,' she said, 'they are Hertugen av Vindsor and Meesees Seempson.'

I SHALL REMEMBER—

I shall remember all my days

*Your lithe young form, your lovely grace
Of scarce-reached manhood; and the loving gaze
Of the dark eyes that lit your stern young face,
For you had seen, too soon, with sad surprise
That which had quenched the boyhood in your eyes.*

I shall remember all my days.

*Sharp on this day the knife of memory turns
In the old wound, and through a mist I gaze
Where on the Cross the scarlet blossom burns,
The sudden silence falls, but in my ears
Resound the echoes of the yearning years.*

I shall remember all my days,

*Till comes that Day that surely waits for me
Remote or near; a day of Prayer and Praise
When I shall travel on an unknown sea.
Watch for me, O Belovèd, on the shore
Then I need not remember any more!*

K. G. SULLIVAN.

Dublin.

LETTERS TO A CHILD.

BY DR. M. R. JAMES.

(Foreword by Sibyl Cropper.)

WHEN I was a little girl of twelve—the rather precocious youngest of a largish family—Dr. James first came to stay at my home in Westmorland. On his arrival we somehow failed to meet his train and he made his way from the station, a quarter of a mile or so, on foot. My first encounter with him was then, when I found him wandering round the house in the early winter dusk, trying to find the front door, and murmuring to himself: ‘I don’t see no red carpet laid down, I don’t see no flags a-flying.’

From that day onwards we became friends. On holiday visits in winter there was reading of ghost stories by candlelight, in summer there were long games of croquet and garden golf, and between whiles, in term-time, a nonsense correspondence of which these letters form a part.

They belong to a time over thirty years ago, to years before ‘Monty James’ was Provost of King’s and afterwards of Eton, to days when there was leisure for the writing of letters about such absorbing topics as college cats, importunate rooks and inebriate owls. Here are a handful of these letters, full of wise nonsense and serious fun.

HONOURED MISS,

I am obliged to write to you because to-day when I was bicycling along a lonely, muddy road between Barton and Farnham St. Genevieve I was met by a small procession consisting of one brown owl of medium height walking

along the middle of the road. It stopped, and balancing itself with some difficulty on one leg, saluted me in a military manner with the other. So I got off and the owl said to me in a low voice : ' I believe you are acquainted with Billy Cropper ! ' I naturally said : ' Sir or Madam, I am unable to conjecture what right you have to speak of that Lady in such familiar terms. I question, I very gravely question whether you have been introduced to her for she expressly told me that she numbered no owls among her acquaintance. Now I who have been introduced have never dared to address her in so unceremonious a manner.' I could have said more but the owl was rude enough to interrupt me by saying, ' All right, all right, come off the perch ! I'm a British bird, a Morris British Bird ¹ I am, and here am I a trampin' up to Westmorland to hold a Temperance Meeting at Burneside ; and it's dry work, it is, I tell yer. And I thought to myself being as how you knowed the lady you might be willing to speak a word for me so as I could pick my bit of chicking with the family at tea-time afore the Meeting on Friday fortnight.'

To this I replied : ' I do not think, Sir, that you are at all in a fit state to address a Temperance Meeting. I may also mention that the family, as you call them, are not so far as I have observed, in the habit of taking chicken at their tea.' The owl sniffed rather scornfully at this point and said : ' Oh ! Ah ! Well, I'm all right in myself—don't you fret about me. What I should like to know is which is drunkest ; me or you that's riding two bicycles ? ' This was very saddening. I did all in my power to persuade the creature that it was mistaken but it was of little use. The owl only lay down in the muddy road and said : ' All right, you go

¹ My greatest treasure at this time was a newly purchased copy of Morris's *British Birds*.

on counting 'em while I take a bit of a rest. I'm a British bird I am and what I sez is British Brandy for British Birds and Total Temperance and every think else for ever and many of 'em.' I left it soon and when I did it was beginning to cry and say that the policeman at Great Barton was its only friend and he wouldn't take the pledge.

So that if on about Friday fortnight, a small and very muddy brown owl should present itself at Ellergreen and mention my name and try to effect an entrance and join you at tea you must not place too much reliance upon any statements it may make about me. It would be kind too, to warn the authorities of the Temperance Association that little benefit is to be expected from any meeting that it may express a wish to hold. The bird, I may add, has a shifty red eye, and will probably go to sleep more than once while you are talking to it. I must say that I never expected to meet with so striking a confirmation of the old saying, 'As drunk as an owl.'

The whole story seems to show how carefully one ought to be. I could not avoid telling you of it and I hope you will forgive me if the alarm turn out to be a false one.

I am yours most submissively,

MONTAGUE RHODES JAMES.

KING'S COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE.

18 Jan., '03.

DEAR FELLOW-SCIENTIST,

. . . The immediate cause of my writing is this. On arriving yesterday at Cambridge, I was informed by the College porter that a bird (he did not say what sort of bird) had been hanging about the place for the last day or two anxious to see me.

It was not there at that moment, however, for it had given so much trouble both in the Porter's lodge and in the organ loft of the Chapel, by pecking the ankles of the under porter and of the organist (when the latter was playing the pedals) that it had been warned not to come into College again before I returned.

I went up to my room and busied myself for sometime with tidying up things and answering letters, and presently it got dark and I lighted up candles. I was just addressing my last envelope when I was fearfully startled by a low hoarse voice which came from somewhere near the floor and said : ' I beg your pardon, I'm sure, but is this Dr. James's room ? '

I hastily got up on to the table, I must confess, snatched up a candle and held it in the direction of the noise. For the moment I had really forgotten about the bird of which the porter had told me, and I was quite relieved when I saw a very ordinary rook of medium height standing on the floor somewhere near my chair. I remembered of course, about my expected visitors, and got down from the table and said rather sharply perhaps : ' How on earth did you get in ? ' ' I beg your pardon I'm sure,' said the rook, ' but I came up the back way along of being so put about by Thomas at the Great Gate.' (Thomas is the head porter here.) ' Well,' I said, ' I don't allow strangers to come up by the back way ; please remember that another time.' The rook said, ' I beg your pardon I'm sure, but I called in consequence of me being the identical same one as what the one was as was took for the new edition.'

I asked what in the world that meant and the rook, which seemed to have only one way of beginning any remark, closed its eyes once or twice and said, ' I beg your pardon I'm sure but I called along of me being the one as had their likeness took for Revd. Morris's British Birds, new edition,

and me and a few friends was getting together a slight testimonial for the Revd. Morris to take the form of a Pianoler, 'armonium or accordium as funds permit of. We 'ave the cordial support of the Vicar of the parish and Mr. Bradshaw author of the railway guide, also many well-known officers and Sir 'Enry Camberwell Bandshire—I should say Candle—Bandle—leastwise——' Here it stopped, having evidently forgotten the last part of its speech and I said: 'This is simply disgraceful. Mr. Morris published his first edition in 1870—I believe he has been dead for years, and even suppose he wasn't, how am I to know that you are the bird whose likeness was "took" as you call it, for the new edition?'

The rook at once became or affected to become virtuously angry. 'Do you doubt my word,' it said, 'and me chose out of all the rooks in England? There was 'undreds came to be drawed, and the Revd. Morris he turned them all away—"This is the one for me," he sez (meaning me), "this here one with the honest look in its eyes." Ah! he said that, and here have I got papers to prove it, and now you durst to doubt my word——' and so it went on at a great rate. Of course, when I heard of papers I asked to see them and it produced a horrid little satchel from somewhere under its wing containing a mass of dirty little bits of paper, one of these I subsequently found on the floor and enclose it.¹ The others were exactly similar. When the bird found that I had no intention of subscribing to its absurd testimonial it turned very nasty, and went at once for my ankles. It is extraordinary how difficult it is to get a rook out of your room when it doesn't want to go. I believe a broom is the real thing. I succeeded after a very arduous

¹ On a torn scrap of paper was written, 'the enclosed rook has my heartfelt suport.—J. Bradshore.'

quarter of an hour in getting it downstairs by that means, and I have got the broom handy by my chair now. Obviously the whole thing is a hopeless fraud but the Westmorland rooks, if they are in it, may be more plausible than ours, and so I think it is as well to let you know.

I am with every sentiment of respect,

Yours very truly,

M. R. JAMES.

P.S. The blot on Page 3 may be omitted in reading the letter. It forms no part of it and I only let it in because it had not enough money to pay even a third class fare to Burnside. What its business may be there I have no notion.

KING'S COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE.

22 Jan., 1903.

MY DEAR APPLE PIE,

It was indeed a gratification to 'receive' as you so thoughtfully put it, your communication. I feel that I have at least one colleague in the field of ornithological study who does not—as too many so-called scientists do—sniff at and deride the records of my observations.

I am unfortunately confined to my room by the lumbago (a sign of approaching old age), and this has become known to the sparrows who infest the College. They are well aware that I cannot move quickly or indeed move at all without grave personal inconvenience, and the consequence is that they take it in turns to come and sit on my window-sill and laugh. I sent a note to the Provost's cat—a large animal named Cato, of whom I am a good deal afraid and he was good enough to what he called 'step round and look in' this afternoon. But I derived but slight benefit from this manœuvre, for he insisted first on having a copious lunch,

and then went to sleep. A particularly insolent sparrow was goading me to madness soon afterwards and being unable to move easily, as I said, I threw a small object, it might have been a book or a chair—at Cato to attract his attention. I am sorry to say he completely lost control of his temper, bit my hand, and left the room. One of the kitchen cats whom I have since asked up, will do nothing but ask in a high, irritating voice : ‘What are you doing now?’

‘Writing,’ I say, ‘And what are you doing now?’ ‘Still writing,’ ‘And what are you going to do next?’ ‘Oh,’ I say, ‘won’t you have a little milk?’ ‘Yes,’ says the cat (no ‘please’ or ‘thank you’ or anything of that sort). ‘And what shall I do after that?’ ‘If you can’t manage to hold your tongue you’ll leave the room after that.’ This rather silences the cat for a short time. Then it says, ‘What day is it to-day?’ ‘Thursday—King’s Accession.’ ‘Why isn’t it King’s College?’ ‘It is King’s College.’ ‘Why isn’t it called King’s College?’ ‘It is called King’s College.’ ‘Why did you call it some thing different?’ ‘Now look here,’ I said the last time it asked this stupid question, ‘out you go.’ It was just beginning to ask, ‘Why do I go out?’ when I showed it why with the poker. And now I can hear it still asking questions on the back-stairs. Whether it is the spread of Education or living in what they call an intellectual atmosphere, I don’t know, but these University cats are getting beyond me altogether.

27th Jan.

This communication has been waiting for some days now. The lumbago has been diminishing, thank you, but as I have had to go out to-night in the rain I daresay it will be better and I shall be worse to-morrow. In any case the inclemency of the weather and my inability to perambulate the rural environs of this town, have precluded me from initiating

such a series of observations as might have resulted in bringing me into contact with the ornithological world or as I have seen them not inaptly designed 'our Feathered Friends.' You will, I am confident, be quick to excuse the consequent dearth of specific information for which these pages might reasonably be censured. Nor will it, I venture to suggest, escape your notice that my enforced confinement has had the effect of throwing me upon the society of those voiceless yet eloquent companions (I allude to the books which line the walls of my little sanctum) and of purifying if not adorning the style in which for the last few lines I have taken the liberty of addressing you.

Yrs. as always,

M. R. J.

KING'S COLLEGE.

14 Feb., 1903.

MR DEAR BILLY,

As it was Valentine's Day I went to the garden this afternoon to give your message to the Tit. I found her seated on the top of the pump with a small twig in her beak. I believe she had been doing nothing whatever that was useful, but the moment she saw me she burst into a wonderful state of activity. 'Well, what is it now?' she said. 'Really, it's too bad: a person can't get five minutes, no nor yet five seconds to themselves but what people must come interrupting and pushing in. However you suppose I'm going to get this nest built I don't know and I suppose you don't care.'

'Dear me,' I said. 'I'm very sorry. I merely wanted to wish you many happy returns of the day and to give you the kind regards of a lady of my acquaintance, but if you're too busy to stop and listen I suppose I had better go on.'

'Dear, dear,' said the Tit (she had dropped the bit of stick by now and appeared to have forgotten all about it). 'Well, I daresay I can spare a minute but I must say I think you might have mentioned it before—who is this precious lady that wants to send me kind regards? Much better if she's thought of sending a worm or a comforter or something sensible—but then people are so thoughtless now-a-days.'

When I could get a word in, I told her that it was the youngest Miss Cropper of Ellergreen near Kendal in Westmorland who was anxious to have her kind regards and best wishes conveyed through me that she took a great interest in birds of all kinds and (I added on my own responsibility), especially in Tits. The Tit was rather gratified I think, but thought it necessary to keep up the appearance of general business-like agitation, anxiety and irritation, so she said: 'Well I never. What young people are coming to! I'm sure,' and various things of that kind but at last got so far conciliated as to say that I might tell you that it had been a very trying season, so much so that she hardly knew whether she was standing on her head or her tail (I said she was standing on neither, and she begged me not to interrupt, for surely she was the best judge of that) and that what with one thing and what with another, whether it was the government's fault or not she didn't know—of course it wasn't for her to speak, being only a mere bird she had no vote of course, and she dared say if she had she would be told she wasn't capable of using it right, but that was neither here (thank goodness) no nor there; but at any rate all she could say was that if I didn't leave that garden in one minute she was going to find out the reason why. 'And so you haven't any message for Miss Cropper?' I said.

'Message?' she said. 'I'll message her sending a lot of stupid great gabies here to take away a person's sticks and

nests and all—the only good bit of stick I've been able to find all day.' I pointed out the bit of stick lying on the ground where she had dropped it, and first she said that wasn't the one and then that I had trodden on it and spoilt it, and so forth. But eventually I got a kind of grudging permission to tell you that she was very sensible of your kind intention and that *if* she was allowed to get on with her work and succeeded in finishing a nest this year, she couldn't object to you coming and looking at it. 'But mind,' she said, 'if there's any mischief comes of it don't say I didn't warn you till I was tired. If I get a cold in my head, or it comes on to rain, or there's an explosion in the papers don't you go saying I didn't tell you of it.' I rashly said that whether any of these things happened or not I would be sure to say she had told me they would, and that made her so exceedingly angry that I really thought it best to go. Another day she will be more peaceful.

KING'S COLLEGE.

7 July, 1903.

MY DEAR BILLY,

... I was a good deal worried before leaving home by the cat. She came into the room where I was working and suddenly said she wished to give a month's notice. This was startling, but I made no sign of surprise and simply asked for her reason. She then said she wished to leave in order to butter herself. I guessed at once that she had been listening to kitchen gossip and had picked up the expression without understanding it. 'Butter yourself?' I said. 'I think you mean better yourself, don't you?' She was a little taken aback, but waved her tail about and said she hoped she knew what her own words meant. 'Very well,' I said 'but how do you propose to butter yourself, and why do

you wish to do it? I would be very bad for your coat and I doubt if any other family would be more likely to permit it than we should.'

'Oh dear yes,' she said. 'Of course they would. Why, in my last place we all did it once a week!' 'Did you indeed?' I replied. 'Well of course, that is very important. I will write at once to your late mistress and inquire what arrangements for a weekly buttering were in force and how many of the family took part in the process. Did old Mr. Green, for instance?'

Well, it appeared that she couldn't remember about that, though she had no doubt he did but it wasn't worth troubling to write. 'But it isn't only the butter,' she went on. 'I shouldn't so much mind about that, it's all the other indignations they put upon me. Nobody looked at the last mouse I brought in, and no-one said good-night to me last night.'

'I thought you were out all last night,' I put in. 'I don't mean not last night,' she said hastily, 'but it's always happening like that and I nearly choked myself to-day trying to kill a cockchafter and not a person paid any attention! I'm not understood here in this house and I'd better go.'

Well you know, when a person is in that frame of mind, argument is worse than useless, so I merely said: 'Can you give me Miss Green's address? I will speak later on the subject of finding you another home.' She looked at me vacantly and said, 'What do you say? Oh my goodness, there's a mouse on the grass!' and flounced out of the window. I heard no more complaints before I left and expect she has thought better of it. But it's all very distressing.

Ever yr. aff.,

M. R. J.

LIVERMERE RECTORY,
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

25th June, 1903.

MY DEAR BILLY,

A curious thing happened to-night. I was playing with the cat after dinner on the gravel path with a plantain, and she grew so much excited that she hardly knew what she was doing. When the plantain was worn out I picked a large ox-eye daisy to go on with ; and just as I was doing it I heard her say, ' Ah, that's *much* better.' I turned round very sharp and looked at her. She crouched down quite flat on the gravel and looked so angry—(there is a moth in the ink)—that I thought she was going to make an ugly rush at me : but instead of that she turned and rushed into the bushes like a wild thing and I haven't seen her since. Now I think this is very interesting. I am perfectly sure they could talk if they chose, as well I know. Evidently you have to get them off their guard.

But all this you will say—and rightly, has nothing to do with the rudeness of the Rude Stone Monuments, which I visited in Brittany this spring ; and certainly they were extremely rude. Whether it was because they were pro-Boers or Anglophobes or remembered the Battle of Quiberon, which they are quite old enough to do, or whether it was simply because they had never seen a hat exactly like mine before (which is the reason given by those who were with me) I do not know ; anyhow that fact remains that I could not pass a single megalith (as they are called—though they prefer almost any name to this) without incurring a series of most damaging criticisms. At first I thought it was boys concealed behind the stones, but when I came to notice one or more of the larger stones shuffling forward and *lying down across the road* just where they expected my

bicycle to pass I realised the true state of the case. After all, perhaps we ought not to be too hard on them. It must be dull work standing there from one year's end to another.

I succeeded in frightening them a good deal eventually by saying as I passed that Charlemagne was expected shortly—it appears that he issued orders that all the megaliths should be destroyed. They have never forgotten this and it was really very funny to see them trying to make themselves look as small as possible.

Ever yr. aff.,

M. R. J.

MARGERY'S HOME-COMING.

BY EVELYN LEY.

THE wind was in a mischievous frame of mind that afternoon ; he clapped the shutters to and fro of Mrs. Brown's little corner shop, he knocked down the advertisement board in front of the Cinema, and finally carried off a lady's hat, straight into the air and down again. He knew that Spring was round the corner, so he let himself go ; so did the old men who left their overcoats at home, despite protesting wives, and hobbled on to the sunny side of the street ; so did a group of choristers on their way to Evensong, as they hit one another over the head with their books.

Mrs. Brown on her doorstep watched them go by. She was just going to say something sharp when the wind blew her apron across her face and by the time she had unwound herself, the boys had gone and the little street was empty.

It was 2.45 p.m. in Graychester and the Cathedral bell announced the hour slowly and thoughtfully as the rooks turned round the spire.

It was the Feast of the Purification and already the February skies looked down on a few early crocuses in Canon MacDonald's garden.

'I wonder if Cross has put cotton over the crocuses, my dear,' said the Canon's wife, as she looked up from her book casting an eye across the lawn to the old tulip tree where the crocuses grew, 'I do so want some to be out when Margery comes home.'

'Don't be too optimistic, my dear,' said the Canon,

'there's three weeks yet to go, before Margery is due, and the birds will be busy enough. However it doesn't matter, sweetheart, the daphne tree by the porch will be out by then.'

Mrs. Macdonald loved flowers and the garden knew it, and between the practical knowledge of the gardener and her tender care, the garden at No. 5 The Close, flourished apace. The first snowdrops always appeared at No. 5 and there also the yellow crocuses and scyllas were the first to catch the faint spring sunlight as the afternoons grew longer.

Each year Mrs. Macdonald wondered if she should have a party, a spring tea-party to admire them. But when the time actually came, the little spring flowers showed so intimate and homely, that it almost seemed as though they might resent such an intrusion on their privacy. So each year the idea came up, only to fade away, almost as the flowers themselves faded.

'And what's the use, my dear,' said John the Canon, 'half the ladies would talk hard all the time and perhaps one out of them all would look at the flowers, and that would be you, my dear.' Whereat he would kiss his wife, call her the dearest thing in the world and the subject would be dropped till the next Spring came round again.

But *this* year was different, for Margery was coming home and after all the people in the Close would want to see Margery and her baby as well as the crocuses and scyllas at No. 5.

'So you will let me have my party this year, you old autocrat,' pleaded Mrs. Macdonald, 'that is if Margery is well enough and feels up to it.' And the light kindled in John's eye as he smiled down on her and thought of Margery's home-coming.

'Only three weeks now, sweetheart and they will be here and you shall have your party. But if you don't look sharp,

the birds will have the crocuses. Is that bell still ringing. Hark.'

The Canon opened the door, and hastily putting on his overcoat stepped out across the Close green. The wind blew the gate to behind him and he looked up at the rooks and clouds as they sailed across the sky. There was movement, colour, light everywhere, for surely Spring was waiting round the corner and Margery was coming home!

Mrs. Macdonald went upstairs, past the room they were preparing for Margery and her child. It faced south and looked across the lawn to the stream which flowed through the garden. The room had been Margery's nursery and now she was coming home to share it with her child.

'Lead me forth beside still waters.' 'I often think of these words, Mummie, since I haven't been well, and when I lie awake on hot nights, I can literally hear our stream flow by the window. Now Baby will listen to that still sound, in an English nursery with English rooks up in the sky.'

Across the landing through the open window came the sound of the Anthem 'When to the Temple Mary went.' The music, the afternoon sunlight, her human love, all brought to a point in the act of worship to the Author of all beauty, filled her soul with such a sense of well being and peace, that she knelt down and closed her eyes. 'Thank God, thank God, for it all,' she prayed, and there was silence except for the sound of the stream.

Suddenly she heard a step up the path and getting up from her knees she went to the top of the stairs. It was mail day and there would be a letter, the last letter before Margery sailed. The maid came up the stairs with a cablegram which Mrs. Macdonald took hurriedly and opened. 'operation necessary, proved fatal Margery died this morning.'

Mrs. Macdonald looked up. 'No answer, thank you,

Mary,' she said, and then with her mind perfectly clear she turned again into Margery's room.

There was her bed. She would never sleep in it now. There were her books, her tennis racquet, her shoes. What had happened. Why had it all changed in five minutes, where was the sunlight? It could only have been five minutes for she heard the closing words of the Anthem 'And when we must from earth departure take, may gently fall asleep and with Thee wake,' and knew that before long her husband would be home. John, how could she spare him, lighten the blow for him. Then at that thought, her mind unfroze and the tears came thick and fast.

'Oh John, what can we do,' she moaned. 'Oh God, why, why did you let it happen, it can't be true.'

She heard the gate open, and felt the wind blow up the stairs, as John came in to the house, calling for her. Suddenly the room was filled with light. 'The Child, the Child,' she repeated, 'Margery's child,' and John's footstep was on the stair.

POOR PUSS-CAT.

BY C. E. LAWRENCE.

As cats proverbially have nine lives and their propensities to offspring can only be outdone by the fish that with little more than the flick or flicker of a tail spawn millions, consideration of the subject must be partial, shallow, and inadequate ; while the truth that the records of the creature go back to the ancient days of Egypt and Assyria makes them the contemporaries and, therefore—knowing their ways—the pets and owners of such as Nebuchadnezzar, Sennacherib, Semiramis, the Pharaohs, and others who belong to legend as well as to history. Assuredly, therefore, any cat may look at any King.

‘Hey-diddle-diddle!’—It was cradled in the earliest and most nicely-absurd of nursery rimes, and out of the distance of its origins comes much of its mystery. A dog in his wants and opinions is as evident as fuss can make him, barking, whining or gushing and giving himself away always ; but a cat in its shy, self-conscious pride refuses to advertise, and through that reticence and seeming self-sufficiency makes itself unpopular, while still getting its own way far more often than is good for it.

The secretiveness of the animal, whether or not that was born with its earliest progenitor, has grown deeper through the unpopularity it has suffered for hundreds of centuries, and still must often suffer from the fools who are cruel. In the bad old times when it was a recognised pastime to ‘swing’ a cat or—ding-dong-bell!—put pussy in the well, a stone or kick or a can to be tied to its sensitive tail was

generally available and for many years cats and children cried more, and with more reason, than now ; which is something our careless age may score over that of our fathers and grandfathers—and grandmothers too.

The Cat invites the unkindness of the cruel through its evident nervousness and the airs of superciliousness it appears to put on. It puzzles the dull-minded ; and not to understand a thing in any of the provinces of life is often enough to make that thing disliked. ' 'Ere's a stranger ; 'eave 'alf a brick ! ' was a frequent thought expressed on the instant when half-bricks were plentiful and the object aimed-at looked weak and shabby and kept itself to itself.

If the Cat could have wagged a tail in the familiar manner of dogs, it would have removed much of the prejudice felt against it ; for such gesture is sociable and obvious, and the obvious inevitably appeals to the majority of people, even of those who are wise. It is true that nearly always the creature purrs thanks for kindnesses received ; but purring is too soft a sound for any but the attentive to hear, and persecutors are never attentive in the right ways. A cat is, indeed, one of the most grateful of creatures and generally says Thank-you unmistakably.

But although its gratitude is not always easily to be heard most people are willing to blame it for the noises it may utter in the silences of the night. For the cat is an ardent lover and will fight for its loves. In its ardours, like other gladiators, besides sparring (and biting and scratching) it may use its voice and yowl challenges and insults, more or less in spirit Homeric, and so make the darkness hideous. Such a whining, swearing, spitting, vociferous fury is, undoubtedly, a nuisance and when a number of those furies or rivals in love are gathered together the nuisance may grow into a plague ; but even in the thick of the abomination

let it be remembered that most inspiring strains are produced from catgut, and with the music of Beethoven, Mozart and Bach, though indirectly given, Puss more than compensates for the midnight miawlings.

An added cause of the qualified admiration given to the Cat, which Shakespeare declared is harmless and necessary, comes from its inability to recognise the particular rights to property of others ; for except when she has kittens and proves her virtue by her care of them, the Cat is as likely to be selfish as any of us. It regards property as communal until it has made its own particular claim and the first thing it does on entering a strange house is to examine carefully the contents of every room to be sure that it likes it. If it approve then it assumes a share of the ownership, and does so so thoroughly that, with a dozen chairs available, it is bound to choose that of its owner or of the person it owns.

Remove it as gently as may be from that chair, carry it with all reverence to another that is no less comfortable—but no, that will not do ! The determined creature rises, descends to the floor and stalks-off, and while doing so shows in every hair of its tail a disdain that could hardly find expression in words.

It may return after an interval and settle in the very chair it had refused, but not until it had made clear to the feeblest intelligence that it had been heartlessly treated. For which reason many a kindly person has refrained from displacing the animal from anywhere and thereby practised a weakness that no creature with a cat's intelligence could fail to exploit. Thenceforth, the best of chairs and of cushioned laps must be given to it, to be accepted with an indifference superb.

Probably the apparent self-sufficiency of the Cat is due to a long-inherited inferiority-complex, strengthened through its

having been once on a time worshipped as a goddess. For Pasht was the Egyptian Diana, and an important member of the deified hierarchy that, like Mrs. Malaprop's allegories, flourished on the banks of the Nile.

That long-ago worship, doubtless, began as a tribute to the activities of cats in destroying rats, mice and other vermin, which, as the Egyptians knew and the later civilisation discovered centuries afterwards, spread infection, and especially the plague. Services so beneficent, with the ever-washing and the clean ways shown by it, set the Cat in sanctity above the crocodiles, hawks, wolves, hippopotamus and other creatures that were deified through popular fear and in the hope of palliating the effects of their depredations. They were influences of destruction or terror; but Pasht was quietly benevolent and, therefore, revered, petted, made much of and in time so spoilt that the adulation given was misconstrued and the vanities due to over-popularity were bred in the bones of every one of her hundred-billion descendants.

Even Tibbs, the despised tabby that haunts the shadows of the meaner streets in most towns, ventures at times to put on airs because of her ancestry. Poor Tibbs—nearly always a she with a continuous flow of unattractive offspring—deserves a special tribute, as she represents the multitudes of lodging-house cats that surely have been forced to live most pitiful and bravely-suffered lives. Her miseries, as revealed in the shabby coat, wasted body and trembling cautiousness as she slinks under the dingy railings of areas or gardens, are evidence of the persecutions to which she and her like have been subject through countless generations, and entitle her to be the heroine of an Epic which can hardly be other than drab.

In that Epic, if befriended at all, her one protector would

probably be some such lowly, uncared-for, friendless and elderly spinster as there were (and, alas, still are) among the more pathetic failures of our civilisation. Only such as they, the brave poor ladies, who have lived, generally as untrained governesses, in futility and simple pride and the utmost penury, and often wrongly have taken their honest wants as shameful, would be likely to show the practical sympathy which means home to a starved, unsheltered cat.

Otherwise, without such help coming to her, Tibbs' Epic would show her in depressing contentment, making the best of her peculiar paradise, purring when the uncertain lodgers were kind, but shrinking from the noisy feet of those who came and went carelessly on the clamorous staircase; sleeping by the kitchen-hearth amid frowsiness and beetles—not that she'd condescend to notice *them*!—and living on the scanty fragments left in dishes and plates, with stale watered milk and, for added luxury, such morsels as she might steal.

*'Draggled and shabby, crouching there . . .
A dreamer underneath the stair:
No longer now an outcast bound
To Bloomsbury's ill-favoured ground;
But winged, her feline fancy flies
To golden sands and azure skies;
Hears murmurs of the temple song
While old Nile-river glides along:
And she the goddess worshipped there . . .
That poor thing underneath the stair!'*

The end of the Epic can hardly be other than meanly tragic, showing Tibbs homeless, half-living on her exhausted wits, dragging with rheumatism, tortured by damp and cold, at last possibly to be run over by some merciful van, or left to drivel out of existence in fevered darkness . . .

Seen in retrospect her career was a failure, and appears

to have been the more unjust as so many of her species are over-fed, over-fondled and spoilt through over-indulgence. They are pampered and grow fat, to become squeamish and greedy, idle, lazy and in their silent fashion ungracious ; as, of course, is true also of many human beings. Thomas Gray has sung the beauties of the favourite cat in a stanza that tends through its fulsomeness to emphasize the irony of his Selima's fate. She was reclining by a tub of gold-fish ; and as she contemplated them in their limited freedom,

*' Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—'*

until greed, an outstretched paw and an imperfect knowledge of the law of gravitation brought her opulent beauty to a watery end ; and there is nothing in life or out of it more sadly humiliating to look upon than the body of a drowned puss.

All cats are vain and from the moment they have left their playful kittenhood behind them they are self-conscious ; while equally with human beings they like to be praised. They know enough of the language of those they live with, from the tones used and the syllables to which they have grown accustomed, to appreciate the meanings of many things said ; and when those things flatter them they glow and expand, but when they are uncomplimentary they turn-up invisibly their impossible noses.

Beauty, however, must be paid-for and the loveliest cats often pay for it by being stupid or wanting in spirit. The intelligent cat, especially if its wits have been sharpened by adversity, is often a rogue and vagabond, as I have found from the many examples of the species that I have lived with.

The best and worst of them was Felix, the product of a half-Persian and a Siamese, yet all black of hue, and in morals a pirate, a very Captain Kyd of cats. He could turn a handle, open the door of a meat-safe and steal the contents, and when that was eaten sit in proud prominence near the place of his depredation and lick his chops with his long tongue and a gusto that said, 'Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of milk! Beat me!—It was worth it.'

Sometimes he disgraced himself in ways that are only mentioned in modern fiction and when found-out and punished for his offence would hunt, kill and bring home a rat, placing it on the best hearth-rug as a peace-offering. On occasions when he had behaved very badly and could not get a nice fresh rat he would compensate by bringing home one that was very dead indeed. He was an utter rascal, an outsider without manners or morals; yet one was compelled somehow to admire him rather fondly.

The best and dearest of the cats that I have known was a white lady, Pierrette, the daintiest and most affectionate of creatures, whether feline, human or anything else. She was unusual in her species through giving her love to persons without any thought of the rewarding cupboard. She would mount to my knees, put her arms at each side of my neck and lick my chin, purring the while in loving gladness, and was so gentle and cheerful that it came as a shock once to see her playing with a mouse before killing it in the traditional cat's way. That was the only fault, and natural enough, that I found in her. But, alas, she had no stamina and within the short length of a night and a day caught some inward trouble and died, leaving a lasting sorrow and a dear memory behind her.

After black Felix and Pierrette the milk-white, the many other cats of all kinds that I have had to know were rarely

more than ordinary. They ate, slept, stole, romped, fought, yowled and make their crude love in the ways of their kind ; and that was all. The badly-behaved generally were cleverer than the others ; while all the really handsome ones were stupid.

The Cat is unique. No other creature, even of fable, represents quite so truly the strangenesses of life. And, though unique, its character is comprehensive ; for within its personal compass it may show something of the ferocity, courage, determination and suddenness of its tribal mates, the lion, tiger, puma, jaguar and the wild-cat, its closest cousin of the vast feline family. It has, also, despite the want of confidence that has come to it through persecutions and domestication, an extraordinary patience and efficiency in hunting and catching its prey and is far too clever for the many incautious song-birds (that never will learn !) which, especially in the merry springtime, it wantonly slaughters. And with all the instinctive shrinking that would preserve it from danger if it could, its courage is notorious and unexcelled when the protective spirit of motherhood requires it to confront a dog that appears to threaten the kittens. It is a common experience to see a small female cat furiously attacking and driving off some lumbering great hound.

Yet combined with its possibilities of claws and furies, how gentle and tolerant as a rule it is, avoiding trouble when it may and suffering fools patiently, though never quite gladly. It is willing to play with those deemed worthy of the privilege ; and yet, unlike the dog, it seems devoid of a sense of humour ; for even the grin of the Cheshire Cat is worse than suspect. But also it is incapable of being bored ; often a dog may yawn, but it seems, rarely a cat ;

while it will wait long and contentedly for a door to be opened to it.

Moreover, when not morally destroyed through persecution, it is elaborately clean in its habits and rarely destructive of property. It manages without too evident pushing generally to get the best of anything it needs and though greedy at times, as when fish or other special luxury is available, eats, as a rule, with daintiness no more than is necessary to satisfy hunger.

As to its mental abilities, the Cat thinks for itself, though not always with sound logic. For example, Felix the black, being selfish and intelligent, liked to occupy the best place on a hassock set before the fire and if he found two of his cat companions already seated there was in the habit of edging himself in between them, crowding them off. On one occasion to prevent that injustice, I took him up and put him out of the room; whereupon the two that he would have displaced went into hiding, as they foolishly believed I meant also to put them out. A poor judgment but it showed they used reason. Another cat, a blue Persian, having learnt that the word 'greenhouse' meant that she was to be banished to that dull and dusty place, invariably tried to disappear on hearing the word; and it was declared by one of the household that often when picked up she would say 'No greenhouse!' The assertion, however, lacks unprejudiced corroboration.

Siamese cats, until recently a fashion, may as well here be referred to, if only to prick the assertions made that they are the most lovable. To judge from a number that I have known, all of them members of one extensive family, and, therefore, possibly sharing particular likenesses in ways and misdeeds which other families of the species might not be guilty of, they are inveterate and stupid thieves, while

they persist in using their discordant voices intolerably. They look quaint with their kinky bright Cambridge-blue eyes, odd-coloured bodies and knotty tails ; but cannot be true cats, being in all probability partly feline and otherwise derived from some wilder creature of the Asiatic jungle.

As the Siamese, therefore, may be at best only a half-relative of the true cat, be that of Angora, Russia, Persia, Abyssinia, Egypt, the Isle of Man or elsewhere, I hope it will not unduly stretch the thread of coherence to refer briefly to the Cat as it has appeared in fairy and folk-tales and in that debasement of the poetic imagination, as almost invariably it has come to be, the present-day pantomime, wherein, made the butt of vulgar sentimentality and the crudest humour, it is only a very poor-relation of the magical creatures that were born of the fancies of Lafontaine and especially Perrault.

It cannot be truly said that in any fictional form the Cat has had justice done to it. Even in folk-tales it is rarely of importance. There were the Lady Jane that belonged to Krook in 'Bleak House' ; the Hamilcar of Souvestre Bonnard ; the tom that shared the loneliness of Robinson Crusoe with a parrot, dog, goat and the kindly Man Friday ; and Kipling's determined animal of the 'Just-So Stories' that walked by himself, all places being alike to him, with some few others of even less value and concern.

Turning for the moment from fiction to biographical fact—which is not necessarily to approach nearer to the truth—we recall the famous Hodge of Samuel Johnson who while nursing the creature described him as not so good as other cats he had possessed, whereupon fearing that the animal might hear and take the judgment to heart, the kind-

hearted Doctor hastened to add, 'But still a fine cat, a very fine cat!'—or words to that effect.

Prominent among the felines of pantomime, fairy-tale and folk-lore are Puss in Boots, whose cunning secured for his master the hand in marriage of a simpleton King's daughter, and the 'White Cat' that was really a princess transformed through black enchantments—and I shouldn't be surprised if our Pierrette also was that—with Dick Whittington's efficient monster that, if the more ruthless historians are to be trusted was no caterwauling creature of feline fur and flesh but a ship, named the 'Cat,' which traded between the Port of London and distant Morocco. Possibly both the opposed theories in that discussion are right; and anyhow I don't care!

One other stage cat that I remember is worthy of notice because of its contradictoriness. It appeared years ago at the Palace Theatre in London in a burlesque by Pelissier's Follies, and, having performed its part as the conventional companion of Dick Whittington, became on the spot, with no change of appearance, a dog and barked at a huntsman who entered the scene with the hounds. The contradictoriness was entirely convincing. For they can do that sort of thing with justice in the glowing Land of Nonsense. The most popular of all stage cats, however, is the natural puss which some times at first performances, of its own accord (or through an unseen prompter) walks across the stage and thereby assures success to a new theatrical enterprise. Or so the actors think—which comes to much the same thing.

It must be black. No other colour, it seems, will do for that theatrical event, as black is the mystical hue, and although, in *Macbeth*, 'Graymalkin,' which therefore must have been grey, calls to the first of the three weird sisters,

and at the trials of the witches, in the ungracious reign of James the First, witnesses described the cats used in their doubtful trade as white, grey and spotted, the most popular traditions insist that they should be as black as cloaked and dangerous night. From which circumstance cats of ebon hue have come to be regarded as capable of invisibility and sinister.

It is impossible anyhow to imagine a witch flying on her broomstick among the owls and stars, or seated in her kitchen with the guttering candle, book of spells and skull on the table before her and the toad on the earthen floor, in the company of a plump yellow Persian. No, the witch's cat must be black and cadaverous, according to the requirements of all the Shiptons.

It is strange that its fearsomeness has not been as much exploited in folk-tales and fairy-tales as might have been expected. One has impressions vaguely of vast feline monsters lurking in a wild background, with bristling furs, cavernous mouths and teeth and claws like gleaming daggers drawn, while their eyes glare large as saucers and they shriek out maledictions piercing and ferocious. The origin of such Fee-Faw-Fum monstrosities must have come from the exaggerations of nightmare re-impressed on the half-waking mind, perhaps through the meek mewings of a lost kitten out-of-doors or some fevered remembrance of an old black cat, furious and dangerous.

Its eeriness, doubtless, was an added cause of the poor creature's sufferings, for it paid for its fidelity to the persecuted old women whose hearths it shared by also sharing their penalties; and whenever spells were to be avoided or cast a cat was generally at once the victim and the means of palliation or offence.

This is described in Dr. Margaret Murray's work on 'The

Witch-Cult in Western Europe,' wherein she asserts that the 'conjuring of cats' was derived from an early form of sacrifice. In 1590, we are told, Satan ordered a Coven of his worshippers to cast cats into the sea and thereby raise winds for the destruction of ships. In consequence of that undivine ordinance, one Agnes Sampson confessed that she took a cat, christened it, and after binding to it some parts of a dead man, 'the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by all the witches sailing in their riddles or sieves,' when a great tempest arose and 'a greater has not been seen.'

An effort similar to that was made at Prestonpans where the Coven decided to make the storm 'universal through the sea.' Again after baptizing a cat the members of the cult, thirteen in number, fastened four joints of men to its feet and at midnight took it to the pier-head at Leith where, after saying to one another, 'See that there is no deceit in us,' they cast it into the water. The poor creature, however, swam ashore but again was thrown in. 'After which, by their sorcery and enchantment, the boat perished betwixt Leith and Kinghorne; which thing the Devil did, and went before with a staff in his hand.'

Well, with all its vanities and faults the Cat is a marvelous and lovable creature. The ancient favourite of Osiris and Isis, with Diana its patroness beyond the borders of Egypt, it has survived the ages and continues to be its own condescending worshipper, accepting with a gracious indifference the homage of those who are not its persecutors.

Through that spirit and despite its natural weakness and the cruelties it suffered almost constantly in the bad old times, it persists; and it is well within the probabilities that when the end of the world has come, in barrenness, hopelessness and an endless iron frost, the sole survivor of living

things will be a cat—black because of its superior self-protective cleverness—gravely contemplating the corpse of its ultimate victim, the world's last rat.

But that, of course, is idle conjecture—or perhaps it is the hoarded secret of the Sphinx, which if that were shared with anything would be given to the Cat, through the ancient, supernatural kinship and equal associations with the land of Egypt which enlink them.

For the winged Sphinx and the Cat are allied tribally as well as in their secret ways, and through a wise submissiveness and elusiveness have managed to preserve their true thoughts and deepest convictions from the penetrations of inquisitive mankind.

AMONG THE OUTER WAYS.

*Among the outer ways
Where night has lain so long
I too shall sleep my days
With neither star nor song ;*

*Shall grasp primeval Fear
In the infinite abyss
Nor know that God is near,
Nor feel the morning's kiss.*

*The darkness shall hang round me
The shadow wrap my light :
I pray that Christ hath found me
Before the barren night.*

FREYA STARK.

November 4, 1918.

CONQUISTADOR—PORTRAIT OF A BUSHMAN.

BY ERNESTINE HILL.

HE is sitting before me now, drawing 'mud maps' on my desk of every river and range in half a million square miles of uninhabited country, a conquistador of the wilds of Australia, a fine old bushman of the Northern Territory.

To use his own expressive appreciation of a comrade, he 'can ride like a centaur, and track the Holy Ghost through a thundercloud.' For fifty years he has not seen a city.

His eyes are blue, the blue of distant hills he was ever seeking, and whimsical and bright, although he has been blind—'knocked on the head by a blackfellow's waddy. We fought as man to man, and he was right, and right is might. I was a trespasser in his country.'

It was 2,000 miles away that I first met him, 'sitting down,' as so many of the philosophers of the Territory are in the evening of life, on the bank of the Katherine River, a gentleman's man of the Djauan tribe to bring him a barramundi fish or a venison of wallaby for wages paid in tobacco, and a lubra parlour-maid who merely moves the roof on when the good earth floor needs sweeping. Men of the wide horizons can never be caged in walls. They sleep best under the stars. In a land 'rich to rottenness' few have made wealth.

These men wrested the great north of Australia from the black man for the white—rode out with the first cattle to the waterholes, set up the first slab huts that have become million-acre stations, 'took up the land' in 523,000 square

miles of savage wilderness, and paid for it, too many of them, with their lives. They were lost to the world for years, perhaps forever, in that vast implacable silence, and nobody knew whether they lived or died.

They crossed flooded rivers on rafts of their own pack-saddles. With the lust, not of gold, but of country, they rode, alone through the 'wild nigger hills,' eating game and roots like the blacks, for ever seeking water and pastures to put them on a mighty vacant map. They slept with their revolvers tied to their wrists, and made the peace of empire with tobacco and turkey red. Seventy-five per cent. of them died for that conquest. The bush graves tell the story of the diplomats who failed, but few are remembered. Theirs is the saga of the nameless pioneers.

'You have lived romance,' I said to my friend, there in his camp at the Katherine.

'One never lives romance,' said he. 'Times change, and make it.'

Socrates boiling his billy under the paperbarks, I found him a rare classic scholar, as many of the older bushmen are. At our first meeting there was a quibble about a quotation. He turned over a frayed envelope, the only writing-paper he had in his camp, and wrote for me the sentence, in the original Greek! He knew the Koran and the Bible and the Analects of Confucius by heart, and what Hannibal said of Darnis at Arbella, and what Garrick said to Goldsmith, and what Whistler said to Ruskin. He found parallels in Norse and Sanskrit legend for aboriginal corroborees, and rounded off tales of buffaloes and crocodiles with a neat little Latin tag.

I thought he was a 'history,' a man of lost identity, of which the Never-Never has more than its share, but I was wrong. The towers of his university were the castellated

hills that saw the morning of the world, his old school tie the cattleman's handkerchief knotted about his neck.

As I penetrated further into those last, lost jungles, the more erudite and philosophic I found their lonely white men. If you seek intellectual converse in Australia, you will find it not in cities, where they are obsessed with race-horses and petty commerce and meretricious social distinction, but out in the haze of the opal deserts of the Centre, or by an unknown river in the north.

The explanation is simple. Where books are six months in transit, and then have to last a lifetime, you would starve on Edgar Wallace and Berta Ruck. With the wild west all about you, wild westers are superfluous, and where murder stalks the green-wood, murder stories fall flat. You must have something to bite on, five hundred years old for preference, where a paragraph lasts a campfire through, and gives food for reflection all the next day, as you ride behind the cattle. So Aeschylus comes to light by the billabongs at sunset, and Bunyan preaches and Shelley sings beneath a banyan tree. For less poetic and more practical souls the Britannica is fodder, twelve volumes to a pack-bag, and one on the pommel, to balance the mind and the load.

More than once his literary flair has saved the bushman's life. A nine-inch Colt on his chest, his back against a tree to guard it from spear-shafts, and a book propped up in front of him, he could forget his fears in wild blacks' country. No primitive race on earth will destroy a madman. Seeing him motionless for hours, obsessed by the magic of a small white square, sometimes with inexplicable laughter, sometimes in solemn silence, the blacks put it down to insanity, and let the stranger be.

It was in 1886 that they 'stocked up' the Territory from Queensland. Fabulous prices were paid in the south for

stations, and the squatters readily sold and moved their herds further out. Across a wide continent, some of them were years on the trail. Once over the border, they challenged the unknown, in virgin lands untenanted except by hostile natives, with secrets of great pastures by hill and river and plain.

Explorers all, they mapped the trackless wilds. The first roads were cattle-pads, with 'a pair of wheels' to follow. How often has the path-finder ridden down into the valley, thrown off his packs, lit his fire, and hearing corroboree in the range above him, smothered his fire and fled. How often has some dark sentry of a hidden kingdom crouched behind a veil of spinifex on the crest of a cliff, watching, round-eyed, 'the animal that comes to pieces,' as a lone rider dismounted, threw off his saddle-bags and then his saddle and bridle. With childish expectation, the man of the Stone Age waited for him to unscrew the tail. He had imagined, at first glimpse, that horse and rider were one.

Within five years, 100,000 square miles were occupied—if two or three white men and a mob of cattle to every thousand could be called occupation. The blacks speared the cattle, and the white men when they had the chance. But with a heroic fatalism, plus the nine-inch Colt, others followed. The survey had not yet been made, and boundaries were by mutual consent. There was no fence in that country then, and there is none to-day. Stores were sometimes a year in course of transport, by ship from Sydney to Darwin and down through the jungle, or up through the desert, 2,000 miles from Adelaide, by camel and packhorse team. Flour and tea and sugar and jam, and beef, were the only 'white-fella tucker' in forty years.

In that sunny timeless land, the white men, where there

were so few, rarely saw one another. Incredible though it may seem, they were too busy. The wilderness ran to clockwork, from 'picaninny daylight' till nightfall. In the psychology of clothes, the naked savages became their stockboys, civilised by the simple process of shirt and trousers into speaking pidgin English, and chewing nigger-twist, and becoming useful members of society. They liked riding the white men's horses, that they called 'yowerda,' ears. By mountain and plain they disclosed their cherished tribal waters, and out in the great unfenced built stockyards, and mustered and branded, and sent the first beef to the markets of the south. A homestead was only a shelter for stores on the bank of a creek. The lubras and old men camped beside it to guard it, while the 'Boss' was out with his boys and the cattle under the sky for months at a time. He found it difficult to breathe beneath a roof again.

That is why my Territory friend is so restless in a chair. He likes to sit on his heels in the graceful leisure of the stockman's squat, neatly avoiding an imaginary spur, with his 'reins hand ready in case she breaks,' and he draws his 'mud maps' on my carpet, as bushmen do in the sand. A map is a vital necessity in telling of virgin country, and pen and ink and paper are scarce out where the Wearyan flows.

I have seen white men's letters scratched with a nail on a stone, or cut in the bark and hacked out, and carried 200 miles and more by a blackfellow on foot. Once a man scratched his last will and testament in the soot-blackened side of his quart-pot, and many a doomed pilgrim, far from water, with his horses lost and no tucker, has scored his own epitaph in the tree above.

Collars stopped short north of 23, but the bushmen have their codes. In the sweeping monsoon 'wet,' when every river was a raging flood and every plain a quagmire, riding

in oilskins day and night, in thunder and lightning, in hunger and malaria, they held their restless cattle—a stockman's honour. A braggart was ducked in a billabong, a quitter was left to himself, and a man who ill-treated his blacks was less than the dust. In a million square miles without a newspaper, the 'mulga-grams' travel like wildfire, and reputations made in a night last for a generation. Christmas came once in five years or so, when you happened to strike a 'pub,' but the 'pubs' were a thousand miles apart, at Oodnadatta and Katherine. They learned self-denial in a grim school, and respite from the heat and toil were rare. Occasionally John Gilpin, in a cabbage-tree hat, galloped three hundred miles to bring back a gallon of grog to a rendezvous by a waterhole, where the white man's burden was thrown down with the packbags, and a few lone white men met. Sundown Creek and Bareback Creek still echo the ringing memories of an epic gathering of the clan—'you'd even steal a horse to get there, and if you didn't they knew that you were dead, and they all rode out to bury you.'

A gold reef was easier to find than a white woman in that country thirty years ago—there might have been five all told in a land with an area one-sixth that of Europe. Even now the old hands 'go up a gully' when she comes along, but once let her win their respect and affection, and these simple souls are knights-errant. They would go 'through hell and high water' to do her service, and their reverence you can read in their eyes. A natural courtesy is theirs, and, horny though their hands may be, a gallant would envy the cavalier tilt of their hats, their gentle deference, their sense of humour and chivalry. The far perspective has given them more than it takes away.

The new brand of stockman, 'parcel post' from the cities,

hooting in by motor-car to a run on the main road, they cannot quite claim as brothers. A long generation lies between, in what has been an age of wonder.

'He wears a hat that high, with a brim that wide, and leggings, and a belt and a revolver—but what is he going to shoot? He carries a big stockwhip, but if you asked him to give you an exhibition, he would cut his hide off. He looks on us as a busted gun, and we look on him as a man as never was. We couldn't truck our cattle, we followed them and ringed them for three thousand miles. He'll soon be mustering his by radio beam, and sending them frozen by air.'

The past decade, with its motor-trucks and air-mails, has changed the outback out of recognition. The cattle-pads of the early days are highroads of heavy traffic. The stations set their clocks by the Douglasses swooping to drop metropolitan dailies on the step. Men no longer are stricken with blackwater and yellow jack, riding the long long distances in the miasma of the swamps. When a stockman crashes, the wireless pedal transmitters in the remotest corners of the continent flash a cry for help to the Flying Doctor at Darwin, who covers five hundred miles in a morning, and carries him back on shining wings to the hospital, and efficiency, and peace. The old hands merely lay under a tree till they died, or 'got right.'

They know now by nightfall the news of a war—it used to take six weeks, sometimes six months. In fact, things are so easy, and so unfamiliar, that for a decent obscurity and quiet living, the pathfinders are migrating to the cities.

Shy of self-glorification, few of them tell their stories. The old homesteads and all their memories, with those who have lived adventure in an unwritten chapter of Australian history, are fading out of the picture.

THE COLLECTING OF BOOKPLATES

BY G. H. VINER

IN these days however moribund the cult of collecting bookplates may have become it is unnecessary to explain what a bookplate is. Less necessary still to enter into any controversy regarding the relative merits of the term 'Bookplate' as opposed to the alternative 'Ex Libris' more favoured on the Continent. Bookplate has won the day, notwithstanding that for eighteen years the premier Society of Bookplate Collectors, long since defunct, was styled The Ex Libris Society. Perhaps ere long it will be decided whether bookplate is to rank as a single word or a hyphenated combination. My own predilection favours the former; fashion dictates more than a sufficiency of hyphenation in other directions, a fact from which the overtaxed indexer suffers incredibly.

In its palmy days the Society had a list of some 450 subscribers, most of them British, with a good percentage of Americans, a few from the Continent and some from overseas. Enthusiasm was at its height, competition in quest of fine examples exceedingly keen, and prices proportionately high. Sale catalogues of collections occurred with some frequency, and it was worth while to print as many as 250 pages, detailing lots ranging from a single item in the case of a particularly fine plate, to several dozen less worthy of attention. Those days have passed; collectors are comparatively few in number, and the present cost of printing prohibits the publication of catalogues in detail. Indeed, a mere dozen lines of print suffice to describe collections run-

ning into thousands. Opportunities for competition have practically ceased and prices have fallen correspondingly.

Anyone commencing to collect now could scarcely find a more propitious moment. Choice plates that in 'the good old days' fetched sovereigns may now be procured for a fraction of a 'Peppiatt' note. Verily, in more senses than one, the gold standard is no longer with us. Whereas however the collector of long standing may shed a silent tear, the newcomer may well rejoice. The collector with a shallow purse now has his opportunity and should make the most of it, for rumour hints at a commencing recovery.

What has the old collector to say about it? What of hundreds, may be, lavishly expended in acquiring plates that now would realise but a tithe of their cost? For the many it is impossible to answer but there is one collector, at any rate, who looks back without regret over nearly half a century of collecting, caring nothing for pecuniary loss and feeling fully compensated by the pleasures of the chase and the arrangement and annotation of his thousands of plates, not far short of 30,000, nearly all British and American, that have been hunted down during that period. That may sound like a formidable accumulation, but in the collection at the British Museum made by the late Sir Wollaston Franks there are more than 34,000 British and American plates alone, and in addition some 30,000 plates from the Continent, German and French predominating. When referring later to the Franks Collection, the letter F. will prefix the number the plate specified bears in the collection.

Anyone commencing a collection should give very particular attention to the question of arrangement. However difficult or easy annotation may be, the arrangement is always a matter of difficulty, and happy is he who can determine in advance what his ultimate requirements are likely to

be. Every collector has his own views on the subject, though if ready reference is contemplated (as it should be) there must either be an index or an alphabetical arrangement of names both of the main collection and of any sub-sections there may be. Some collectors prefer to specialise and confine their attention to bookplates of some particular style such as Early English, Jacobean, or Chippendale, or perhaps to those belonging to lawyers, doctors, ladies or persons of note, in which case the collection is unlikely to attain large numbers. Others seek for modern plates only, and the term modern is intended to imply plates subsequent to 1860, or somewhat later, when artistic considerations once more began to re-assert themselves.

The majority of collectors leave severely alone the almost un-numbered thousands of plates belonging to the earlier years of the 19th century, and not without reason for artistically they are contemptible and present no attractions whatever. Badly designed and feebly engraved with crests invariably much too small entirely unsupported and uncomfortably balanced on a twisted stick strongly reminiscent of a section of a barber's pole or one of those particoloured sugar sticks so common to sweet shops of fifty or sixty years ago. That keen critic and master craftsman, the late G. W. Eve (see his *Decorative Heraldry*) speaking of post Restoration Heraldry in general wrote this :

'The decorative possibilities of charges were generally ignored ; they were no longer suitably adapted to their surroundings, but whether the space occupied were round or square, pointed or obtuse, the same feeble figure served for all. A deplorable lack of taste conduced to make each work worse than its predecessor, and even the beautiful fleur-de-lis of the early Italian Renaissance became vulgarized into ugliness. Derived from a naturalistic idea, the animals were not even natural ; and a new convention simply took the

place of an older and better one. Thenceforward seventeenth century Renaissance became the recognized style, and was doubtless quoted in its youth, as it many times has been in its decrepitude, against those, if such there were, who preferred a method which could give a reason for its composition.'

He proceeds to quote as an example of remarkably poor design the bookplate (F.26649) of that well known antiquary Ralph Sheldon of Beoley (1623-1684) and describes it as 'one of the most glaringly ill-designed arrangements it is possible to find, with its ludicrous lions feebly paddling about in company with an equally futile dragon.'

One wonders what he would have said, if equally outspoken, about the 19th century plates, but he is content to remark that

'Of the average bookplate in what Mr. Egerton Castle (English Book-Plates) aptly calls the "Modern die-sinker style" as of the other works of the ordinary heraldic shop-keeper, nothing need be said. Indeed, criticism is impossible.'

Nevertheless, there is another point of view. A recent writer has suggested that

'It is—or possibly was—the fashion to decry or ridicule the many Victorian "die-sinker" armorial bookplates. From an artistic point of view no doubt they possess little or no value, but from the heraldic and genealogical standpoint they have now acquired an enhanced interest. The complete collapse of the landed gentry during the present century has in many cases left armorial bookplates as the sole mementoes of families, now landless, that once constituted a power in the state. They will therefore prove of some use and importance to the local historian.'

To carry the matter further; there can be no doubt if history and its attendant handmaid biography are the main

consideration, these 'Die-sinkers' offer a vast field for research, and if those plates alone are taken into consideration that belong to persons named in the Dictionary of National Biography, a rich harvest of unexpected information will result. Further, the collector need not restrict himself to such persons, as this example will show. There is a homely little crest plate (F.32708) inscribed 'John Wylie, M.D. Arndean' bearing the motto 'Corygaum.' Attached to the crest wreath—in most improper fashion—are his ribbon and badge as C.B., and the East India Company's General Service Medal with the Corygaum clasp. This clasp is of importance for only 77 of the medals were issued with this clasp, of which 75 were awarded to Native troops and the others to Europeans, one each to Lieutenant Swanston and Assistant-Surgeon Wylie. Rather a remarkable incident.

A little discovery such as this is interesting enough, but the average collector naturally gives pride of place to plates of admitted distinction. Of such, by right good fortune, three found their way into the writer's collection. All three belong to the 16th century and omitting the so-called bookplate (drawn and coloured by hand) of Cardinal Wolsey, are the earliest English bookplates known, and all of extreme rarity.

The first of them, dated 1574, is found in a few volumes given in that year by Sir Nicholas Bacon ('father of his country and of Sir Francis Bacon') to the University of Cambridge. It is a coloured woodcut and bears a typographed inscription recording the gift to Cambridge. Seven copies are to be found in the University Library, and one in the library of Jesus College. Apart from an uncoloured example, without the donatory inscription, that occurs in the Bagford Collection, mine is the only one in private hands. It is pointed out in the preface to the Franks Catalogue that

'Sir Wollaston Franks was never able to secure an impression.' Thirty-two years elapsed before my copy reached me. It was previously in the splendid collection of Dr. Jackson Howard, Maltravers Herald Extraordinary, having meanwhile been purchased at his sale by his colleague the late Frederic A. Crisp, F.S.A., who exhibited it at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1916 as an outstanding example of early bookplate art.

The second is dated 1585, and a full account of it, with illustration, will be found in the *Journal of the Ex Libris Society*, vol. XVI. 1906. It bears the armorial insignia of Joseph Holland (Holland) a well known antiquary of the time of Elizabeth, and occurs in a heraldic MS. from the Phillipp's Collection containing a series of Rolls of Arms drawn and coloured by Holland himself. This plate was believed to be unique until the College of Arms held its Commemorative Exhibition in 1934. It then transpired that the College likewise possessed a copy as mentioned in the *édition-de-luxe* catalogue published two years later. It is an exceptionally interesting plate as without doubt, though the particular Album has not yet been identified, it seems to be one of the very few, all of them foreign, that were culled from *Alba Amicorum*. It consists of a finely engraved mantled shield and helm set within an ornamental border typical of the period enclosing blank spaces utilised for the name, date and motto respectively in ink, the arms and crest likewise having been added to the blank shield and un-occupied helm. The example at the College of Arms, similarly treated, is contained in a MS volume purchased by Holland (whose son was one of the Heralds) from the executors of John Cooke, *Lancaster Herald*, 1559-1585.

The third is the bookplate, also dated 1585, of Sir Thomas Tresame or Tresham, and is a full armorial achievement of

which the shield displays no less than 25 quarterings. The date upon it is unusually precise for the day of the month is included thus '29. Jun.' It is of good design but spoilt by weak engraving and consequent lack of colour and richness. Two more copies are known, one of them F.29789, and the other in a volume on architecture in the Soane Museum printed by Aldus, Venice, in 1554; a very appropriate home as Fuller has pointed out that Tresham was famed for 'his skill in building.' It may be of interest to note that an oak panel dated 'c.1600' of which the shield displays precisely the same quarterings was contributed by the Society of Antiquaries of London to the Birmingham Heraldic Exhibition held in 1936.

Interest in bookplates is by no means confined to early dated examples, for speaking of English bookplates alone, every variety of style prevalent over the last 350 years is available for research. Designs and engravings by such craftsmen as William Faithorne, Hogarth, Bartolozzi, Sherwin, Cipriani, George Vertue, Gribelin and a host of others, with the inimitable Bewick and the pupils of his school to carry us without feelings of mistrust into the 19th century are present to delight the eye.

Among modern artists there stands supreme Charles William Sherborn, the 'Little Master of Chelsea' of whom it been said that

'this artist may be described almost as the last of the engravers of the old school. The greatest part of his work consisted of bookplates designed and executed with fine skill and with a feeling for heraldry and ornament that has perhaps hardly been surpassed since the sixteenth century.'

Next in order of importance comes George W. Eve who has already been quoted. He was trained at the College of Arms and acquired there the knowledge of heraldry that

enabled him to treat armorial displays with the utmost freedom without fear of transgressing the law.

Again, artists of such importance as Sir John Millais (alas, with but one example), Stacy Marks, Randolph Caldecott, and Bell Scott, and more recently Walter Crane and that talented pupil of his, Henry Osipov, Miss Kate Greenaway, Anning Bell (more than 100 plates), Aubrey Beardsley, T. Erat Harrison, Harold Nelson, and others too numerous to mention have favoured us with a rich assembly of their work. It may be added that apart from their fine drawing and other considerations the plates of Stacy Marks are well worth study for the subtle display of humour so many of them present. Needless to say the work of Sir D. Y. Cameron and Mr. Muirhead Bone is eagerly sought after, and the list may be concluded by adding the name of Mr. Stephen Gooden whose reputation for fine engraving is such that no further comment is necessary.

The many interests afforded by the study of bookplates are so varied that a collector may indulge his fancies almost without stint. He may specialise in the historical aspect, the heraldic, philological or artistic, or better still in all of them. It is remarkable, however, how many collectors are content to dispense with heraldic knowledge. They should at least have a sufficient modicum to enable them to consult Papworth's Ordinary of Arms. Truly it is a somewhat troublesome volume to use to the fullest advantage but if armorial plates are to be enjoyed to the utmost it is indispensable, a remark that applies equally to that invaluable companion volume, Burke's Armory.

In conclusion let me quote once more from the preface of the Franks catalogue. There it says that

'No one who has not collected bookplates can realize how absorbing the work may become. The necessity for accurate

cataloguing and indexing, no matter how unimportant the individual plate may be, the determination of the method of arrangement, which almost necessarily changes as the collection grows, the far-reaching problems of genealogy and private history which open up on every side, the endless correspondence with other collectors and exchanges of plates with them, all these things imply no small expenditure of time and knowledge on the part of even an ordinary collector.'

Sir Wollaston emphatically was not an ordinary collector but the selfsame pleasures await all who are prepared to take a little trouble.

CANDIDA.

*Void would I be, with all my dreaming spent
Like echo passing; let my cluttered heart
Be stripped of every vain habiliment—
Each word, each gesture, of remembered art;
From those dim lofts of intellect be rent
The dreary cobwebs of neglectful thought:
Throw up the skylight to the firmament
And be the miracle of cleansing wrought!*

*For I would measure life with judgment new.
My soul—clean-girded, by a hearth swept bright—
Perchance, her naked windows looking through,
May see Truth riding on the hills at night
With all the banners of his host unfurled
That shall bring succour to a bleeding world.*

MARGUERITE JOHANSEN.

O'LEARY'S WIG.

BY FERGUSSON MACLAY.

MR. PATRICK O'LEARY stood looking in through the window of Mahon's tiny shop ; and cupidity flamed up in his soul. He had never seen such a wig. He raised his hat, and caressed his egg-shaped bald head.

Here he was, nearly at his seventieth birthday, and for thirty-four years, his hair had been leaving him. What splendid hair it had been, too. He had never been able to afford a wig. Such things cost money, terrifying sums nowadays—Shamus at the end of the village had paid over three pounds for his. But here, here in the shop window, was a wig, and only fifteen shillings and sixpence. A bargain indeed.

It lay comfortably between a lithograph of one of the Saviours of Ireland who posed anxiously with one hand negligent on an obviously cardboard pedestal, and a set of bronze fire-irons—Mahon's shop was like that—a tawny wig, with a meticulous parting on one side, and curls shining alluringly when the bright morning sun caught them.

O'Leary scratched his toothless jaw with a contemplative finger. He measured the wig as well as he could in perspective with the span of his hand, and wondered if it would fit. For already, in his mind, it was his. Well, what matter if it did not ? He would have hair again, would he not ? And he would look at least twenty years younger, instead of appearing quite his age, what with his rheumy eyes, and stiffness, and frequent inarticulation over sibilants.

Fifteen and sixpence. And perhaps not even as much as

that. Mahon was difficult, but he was not forgetful of past obligations. There had been the matter of his hens that would not lay until he, O'Leary, had advised on the feeding of them. The hens might take maybe half-a-crown off the price.

Of course, it was a lot of money, even with that. And his wife, Maria—he knew that she would utterly forbid the purchase if she was told. Ah! If she was told. But she did not need to be told until he came home with the shining evidence of his wisdom securely on his head.

She might even take another fancy to him. Had she not complained only yesterday that he was well into his dotage? Perhaps he did not hear so well as before; perhaps he shambled rather than walked; perhaps . . . And yet, if he only had that wig . . .

When O'Leary opened the door of the shop, the tiny bell above the lintel tinkled, and to its summons came Mahon himself, shuffling and peering, wiping his hands on an old cloth, and bringing with him the faint sweet smell of boiling potatoes.

'Ah, 'tis my old friend Mr. O'Leary,' he began conversationally. 'It's fine you are looking to-day.'

'Ach.' O'Leary was non-committal. 'How are you yourself?'

'Well enough. But my cow is not doing so fine. She is needing a potion, I think. You were wishing . . .'

'Yes—a box of matches.'

A box was whipped from its snug pace below the counter.

'Thank you,' and O'Leary turned to go. He hobbled to the door. 'Oh, my friend.' He stopped as though with an afterthought. 'Was I seeing a wig in your window?'

'You was.' Mahon became more affable, scenting business on a grand scale.

'It will be for sale?' O'Leary's voice was careless and easy.

'It is.' The shopkeeper's eyes turned sharp under his thick brows.

'It takes my fancy—but, man, you ask too much for it. I was thinking it didn't look over fresh. And on the big side. Was it for the head of a giant, will you tell me?'

'Heh! Ah, Mr. O'Leary dear, it is a wonderful wig.' Mahon bent and thrust a hand through the strip of faded curtain that cut off his window from the shop. 'Look now. Do you see the beautiful hair on it? Why, the king himself would be glad to wear a wig like this.'

O'Leary looked. Yes, at closer view, it was all that he had imagined it to be. Its sheen beckoned with enticement; his fickle mind thought of his youth renewed. He admitted to himself that even his own hair had never been so attractive.

'Well, I would be taking it off your hands. My wife's brother, a pretty man, has long lacked hair—a sad thing for him—and the wig would be making a grand holiday present for him. But the price is too big.'

'Surely not!' Mahon was indignant. 'I tell you, the wig belong to a mad American who lost it last week while he was bathing. It's drowned he was, maybe, poor man. My Rory found it afterwards on the sand when he was out with his shrimp net. But there! I'll be easy with you. If we say . . . fourteen shillings?'

'Done with you!' exclaimed O'Leary in delight. 'But will you keep it for me. I have not all that money with me. If you'll be keeping it until to-morrow, well, my brother-in-law is a fine man, and it is a terrible thing for him to be without hair.'

'But surely, Mr. O'Leary.' And Mahon smiled and nodded.

As he hurried home down the village street, O'Leary caught his reflection now and again in dark windows; and he turned and grimaced, and wagged his finger at his long lean face. He would be a handsome man again. Maria and Maureen. . . . Ach, Maureen, his daughter, fancied herself too much, with her laughing and pirouetting before mirrors, and her careless ways. There was no consideration for an old man nowadays. But he would be old no longer.

O'Leary felt splendidly capable of dealing with her now. She could no longer laugh, and ask her mother why she had married a monkey on a stick. And the next time that young Dennis arrived on his fine horse, arrived from Ballycannon to see her, things would happen.

When he reached the cottage, O'Leary went to his bedroom furtively, and opened a drawer in the chest of drawers; he took out a treasured purse. He had just the money, he found, if he went without tobacco for a week, and told his wife that he had lost his pension on the road. She would not believe him, of course, but then did she ever? So that was that.

Bright images of the admiration that was only his due, of a hundred welcome differences the wig would make, rose entrancingly before his mind's eye. The money trickled gratefully through his tremulous fingers. Then he turned and saw his daughter watching him from the door, her hands on her hips. Maureen, he always said, was a bud that had blossomed too soon.

'Well now!' Her voice bit into his ears. 'The old man has his hoard after all. Saving to give us all presents, surely.' The confident irony warned him of disaster. How he hated his daughter then!

'Have I not told you I will not have you bursting in on me like this when I am resting?' O'Leary spoke to gain time, his left hand sliding slowly down to gain the sanctuary of his trouser pocket. Perhaps she had not seen . . . His voice was thick and harsh with suppressed terror. 'Has your father no privacy in his own house?'

'His own house!' Maureen's words were scornful darts. 'Who feed you? Who work like heifers to keep you in house? Me mother and meself. And this is what you are after doing behind our backs. How much have you there, old miser?'

'Only five shillings—or at most, maybe six, acushla.' O'Leary became endearing and supplicative.

There was a moment's silence. Through in the kitchen, a pot was boiling protestingly; the morning was giving way to the dinner hour. The stillness was complete, yet very fragile. The whole slender structure of the old man's dream was swaying. He bobbed despairingly on a wave of fear. Then Maureen spoke again:

'I don't believe you. The purse is as fat as a sow.'

'Well, the money is mine, is it not?' O'Leary's tone was informed with defiance and weariness. She was his daughter, the devil take her, but she would not spare him, because of the many things that came between them.

Maureen watched him, her eyes bright with thought. Then she said slowly:

'Come now, I'll be after making a bargain with you.' Her father raised his head. 'You do not like my sweet-heart Dennis, tell me?'

'Ach now, I wouldn't be saying such a thing . . .' But she interrupted him.

'But 'tis true enough all the same. You forbid us to marry, and I am a dutiful girl to you, and will not. But—

if you were to keep your money, and tell my mother that, after all, you would not be raising objections to a wedding . . . He would make a fine son for you.' And Maureen smiled slowly—as a cat must smile, O'Leary thought.

So that was it. Blackmail, corruption, and in his own house. She was clever, too. A faint sense of pride was stifled in over-powering indignation. Yet, could he do as she asked—or could he lose his wig?

But no! Maureen should not have that rascally waster for a husband. A million times no. He would take the words out of that she-cat's mouth. He would, with a magnificent gesture, hand over the money to his wife, and tell her that it was all for her that he had saved so much. Besides, he need only give her five shillings or so. She would never know.

'No!' he shouted at his daughter. 'I would rather strangle him with me own hands than you should marry that—that——' and the words bubbled in his throat in his anger, and he ran through to the kitchen, past her, and out into the little garden where his wife was working at the turnips.

Mrs. O'Leary's face was etched by the sun and the wind into wrinkles that spread down to her neck. Her hair hung, tape-like, from under a golfing cap. She was a quiet woman, bred to economy, and easy-going. She still loved her husband, but she understood him, too.

'Yes, Pat?' she questioned him, leaning on her hoe. She could only suppose that he was hungry.

'Yes, Maria.' He came panting to her side. 'I have something to give you.' He stopped as a fading vision of the wig floated before him. Then: 'Here—take it all, fifteen shillings and sixpence. Quick, woman.' And he thrust the purse into her hand. 'It is for your birthday.'

'It will be honest money?' she asked, at last. She was an admirable woman, but he could have struck her in his rage and disappointment. 'Ach, to be sure, woman.'

'But it is not my birthday, nor will be for a while yet.' She was determined to get to the bottom of the miracle.

'It will be doing for your last, then.' For a moment, O'Leary felt a righteous glow in him. Maria deserved the money, after all. He tried to pull himself erect.

'Have I not been a good husband to you, Maria? It is cruel you are to think that I should be forgetting such an important event as your birthday.' And as he shuffled off, she called to him that his dinner was ready, but he never even turned his head.

The shimmering brown road creaked under his feet as he walked. He did not care where he went. He told himself that if he hadn't the wig—at least, Maureen would not have her Dennis. The affair was ended. And yet, what did it matter? How easily one got tired nowadays. Was he not just a vain old fool? New hair was of little account without new legs, without a new heart, without—so many things needed to be new in him.

This Dennis, now. He had a farm, and three cows—if Maureen was to be believed. He could be useful for tobacco, and for a few shillings now and again, and such things—as a son-in-law.

Ah, well. He was hungry all of a sudden. Perhaps it would be sweetbreads for supper. . . .

He came back late, and entered the kitchen slowly, like a blind man in a strange street. He was resigned to an existence which he had thought for a moment that morning he was going to leave behind.

His wife was at the hearth, turning pancakes. She was a worker, that woman.

He felt grateful for his chair, for soft slippers ; for the promise of food.

Maureen sat at the spread table, spinning her knife idly round and round on her plate. O'Leary said that it might rain later. It was his offering to peace.

His wife glanced round, smiling at him.

'Patrick,' she said softly, 'I am grateful to you. You haven't remembered me for a long time.'

'Ach, woman.' The old man was suddenly uncomfortable. Neither had he, come to think of it. She was a sweet woman, too, his wife. He moved heavily in his chair. How tired he was—and how useless, and helpless.

He looked at his daughter. She smiled at him. Always laughing, that girl. But handsome, like himself used to be. Oh, well ; she could have her Dennis.

'Patrick,' began Maria, as she dished the pancakes. 'Maureen was just telling me what you were saying to her this morning. It was clever of you to be keeping the secret so well. I got the finest surprise a woman ever had.'

O'Leary raised his head, shining with pathetic baldness. He looked again at Maureen, and she laughed outright, and nodded to him ever so slightly.

'Now ! Will you have the gracious goodness to tell me what . . . ' he began.

'Maureen is saying that you told her how long you had been saving the money for me—eh, Maureen ?'

'Aye. Father, you remember ?' Maureen spoke to him as she had never spoken before. 'You were wishful to buy a perfume, but I said that our mother would be wanting the money to spend as she wanted herself.'

Then O'Leary understood.

'Maria,' he said, 'twas nothing but what you deserved, and Maureen will be saying the same. Eh, girl ?' And

he smiled and winked largely. The first smile since he had stood at Mahon's window that morning. The world had turned over. O'Leary decided that he was an old fool after all. But Maureen was just like her father, and a fine girl. And . . .

'But hurry with your supper, acushla. That young Dennis must be in a great state about seeing you.' And he winked again, the father of all winks. O'Leary and his daughter looked at each other. Then she rose, and came round the table to him, and when he looked up at her, she kissed him.

'Me lord, I am greatly obliged to you,' and she curtsied, and was off with a twinkle of heels.

'Patrick.' Maria sat down opposite him. 'He is not a bad young man, what with his farm and all. She might do a lot worse for herself. But I am thankful to you, for I have always liked him.'

Then Maria put her hand into the capacious pocket of her apron. 'I'll not wish you to be angry with me for being a spendthrift,' she continued. He looked at her in dismay. What a day this had been.

'I can't be angry any more,' he murmured.

'Well . . .' his wife hesitated, and she smiled to herself. 'I was in Mahon's shop this afternoon after matching a piece of ribbon. He said that if I cared to take away the wig you had been talking to him about . . . So I just said yes, and paid him the money . . . Here !'

She laid a white box on the table. He opened it slowly, and the wig shone and smiled at him.

And O'Leary rose, to bend and kiss his wife, a thing he had not done for a long time.

A DAY ON THE GELLIHORN.

BY A. HYATT KING.

No one who has stayed in the Swiss resort of Kandersteg in the Bernese Oberland can have failed to notice the Gellihorn. It is a prominent object at the south end of the valley, and forms the pinnacle of the long rocky ridge which divides the Gemmi and Ueschinen valleys. Seen from a distance and below, the Gellihorn with its humpy summit and the leisurely slope of its arête, looks rather like some gigantic monster asleep. It is not a thing of beauty or fame: it is of no great height: it is slighted by guide-books and is of little interest to the serious mountaineer, though its northern face should offer 2,000 feet of strenuous rock-climbing. Yet its central position must make it one of the finest view-points in the Oberland. So, at least, I thought it should after staying in Kandersteg for a few days, and at 6 a.m. one glorious July morning I set out to justify my belief.

I ought to have started earlier, for even then the sun, newly risen above the mists of the Blümlisalp, was beating fiercely on the road whose windings seemed longer than usual at that hour when heavy boots grate and jar the feet on the macadamised surface. It was still hotter when I reached the populous Gemmi carriage road from which my path branched off steeply to the right along the magnificent falls of the Alpbach. There are few more irritating preludes to a long day in the Alps than to be one among a hard-breathing procession trailing up a dusty interminable zig-zag, and I was very glad to have this path to myself.

After about an hour the track rises above the tree-level and broadens out into a pasture known as the Weiter Fad. On the left are the western precipices of the Gellihorn falling into a dark gorge where the Alpbach roars several hundred feet below the path. The wall on the right is formed by the rocks of the Klein Lohner whose passes give access to Adelboden. In another half hour I found that the floor of the valley rose considerably, and I saw the little bridge over the Alpbach, bedaubed with the first of the green signs which had long been beckoning me onwards in my imagination. It is a fascinating adventure to follow these path-signs, which are painted on trees, bridges and rocks in many parts of the Alps. Their bright colours, red, yellow or green, act as a spur to weary feet to press on to the end of the trail they blaze, whether to some pasture on the edge of a glacier or to a lonely hut near the snow-line. The theory of the signs is admirable, but their utility depends on the relation of their colour to their background. A more unsuitable colour than green could not have been chosen for the route I was following, which lay over short spongy turf strewn with boulders. This pasture when not rising steeply was full of ridges and hollows, and the boulders lying in them were often as green as their surroundings. The path, too, becomes a positive nuisance, because when not almost invisible it is very like a sheep-track, and this makes it misleading to the novice on ground where there are many tracks used by genuine sheep. But then I did not know this, and pressed on blithely through a miniature swamp, spotting the signs with gusto. After a quarter of an hour I lost them completely. I made for two chalets—as usual, picturesque in their solitude but desperately squalid—only to be baffled in my enquiry because the inhabitants spoke a brand of German wholly different from

my own, such as it was. I gave it up, fled higher to purer air and began to search furiously for green signs in a wilderness of greenery. By now it was ten o'clock ; I was hungry and cross, and decided that a hurried breakfast at half past five was not the best foundation for scrambling over boulders among aggressive thistles. I chose a large stone with the minimum of projections, ate and dozed, for by now it was very hot. When I got up again, I felt rather like Aeneas looking for the golden branch in the vast wood, except that the guiding hand of the Sibyl was replaced by the noses of inquisitive sheep. After vainly scanning all the nearby stones I stooped to do up a boot-lace, and there, under my foot was the longed-for sign ! From here onwards it was easier because some thoughtful people had raised little cairns of stones at the side of each sign, and from any one cairn the next was always visible in the direction indicated by the green mark. But now and then, in the most exasperating manner, the path reappeared. Once, thinking I had found a genuine path, I followed it for a quarter of an hour, only to be led to a sheep-pen very near the edge of a cliff with a most terrifying drop. Mentally congratulating the sheep on the freedom from nerves which enabled them to sleep in such a place, I retraced my steps with most unparliamentary language. I steadfastly ignored all further appearances of seductive tracks until the cairns led me to the foot of the final cliff.

Here the way leads up an almost perpendicular gully about 800 feet high, with a few patches of scree, less steep but more treacherous than the thin rock-strewn turf. By the time I was half way up I had started avalanches of stones which the sheep that were still following me only avoided by prodigious nimbleness. I soon wished I had paid the 20 francs for the guide recommended by the local

information bureau. During the next half hour I realized just how execrable slippery rocks, set at eighty degrees with insecure foundations, could be. I felt quite heroic when a little after one o'clock I sprawled panting on the top ridge. Having recovered my wind I examined the resources of my haversack and finished the food that was left. I firmly believe that no Alpine view can be appreciated if one is hungry, and who would not be after three hours strenuous scrambling? The distraction of the process of eating also prevents mind and eye from being bewildered by the sudden grandeur of the panorama bursting upon them, with all points of the compass claiming attention at once. Now a good view-point, in the Alps or elsewhere, is not necessarily a high one, and the Gellihorn, from its elevation of a mere 7,500 feet, offers one of the most perfectly balanced views I have seen. It is above all central, and uninterrupted by dominating heights near at hand, and only for a small area to the south does its own ridge blot out the distance. There is nothing to irritate or disturb one such as a railway station or an hotel with swarms of humanity eating a four course lunch under polychrome umbrellas. There is no disgusting heap of tins and paper bags such as that which greets the climber at the Blümlisalp hut on the Hotürli Pass. Here all is clean and peaceful, and wonderfully soothing.

To the north there is a sheer drop of 3,600 feet down to the Kander valley; the greenness becomes deeper as the eye travels on over the distant pastures of Frutigen, with the lovely cone of the Niesen rising to the left. Beyond the gleaming turquoise of the western end of lake Thun lies the plain of Bern, where the colour fades and merges with the blue of the far horizon. To the north-east the sky-line is filled with the snowy peaks of the Blümlisalp massif which from this point presents an aspect attractively

different from that seen across the Oeschinensee. Their southern walls fall precipitiously to the sombre Gastern valley at the end of which looms the dark Petersgrat where so many visitors to Kandersteg tackle their first serious climb on the Hockenhorn. On this side too the Gellihorn is almost sheer, with only the narrow ledge of the Gemmi road breaking the fall to the depths. To this gloomy chasm the gleaming snowfields of the Balmhorn and Altels offer a striking contrast. The Altels presents a graceful triangle of whiteness soaring out of the vast grown slabs of rock and the rubble-strewn glacier to mingle with the crest of the Balmhorn which it partly obscures. Towards the Gemmi Pass and above the valley leading to its slopes up the dark writing-desk shape of the Rinderhorn. Over the pass rise the faint outlines of the giants of the Valais; I could just make out the mass of the Weisshorn among the clouds, and hoped that the procession of human specks in the valley far below me had enjoyed a clearer view than I to reward them for their pilgrimage *en masse*. So far round the circle of the horizon my eyes had seen only the green of the pastures and valleys, the whiteness of peaks with black precipices beneath them. But in the west, above the barren Ueschinen valley the extensive rock ridges of the Gross and Klein Lohner afforded a delightful contrast. On the browns and yellows of their pinnacles and their fantastically stratified slopes the afternoon sun shone with mellow warmth, and in the distance the flat table top of the Steghorn and the giant fingers of the Tschingelochtighorn added the right touch of the grotesque. The snow on the summit of the Wildstrubel gleamed brightly over a gap in the rocky foreground. For another hour I basked in the sun, and watched the changing shadows as the clouds came up from the south and gathered on the peaks in restless billows.

In some way, hard to analyse, even the humble exertion of getting to the top of a small mountain like the Gellihorn induces an exquisitely receptive state of contentment. The brain seems to become more sensitive as the faculties are at once soothed and stimulated by the rhythms of the hills and valleys flowing in from far and near, so that for the hour life has nothing more perfect to offer than this communion with the beauty of nature. But all good things must come to an end, and reluctantly soon after three o'clock I started downwards, negotiated the gully by a painful combination of slithering and glissading, and got back to my hotel about half past seven. I found it interesting to compare the viewpoint I had left with some others I had ascended, different in their essentials and more famous. The panorama from the Gorner Grat above Zermatt is more magnificent and breath-taking. Yet there, apart from the presence of many of my fellow-beings, I felt that there was something disturbing in the dazzling continuity of the mountains. Somehow they seemed topheavy, and, save for the far-off windings of the Zermatt valley, there was no depth to give the feeling of exhilarating height, although the Grat is over 10,000 feet up. All the mountains visible to the east and south are seen foreshortened and too much on the same level because the Grat is too near them. The sphinx-like mass of the Breithorn, for example, looks comparatively small, but from Randa, on the floor of the valley a few miles north of Zermatt, its vast size can be admirably seen. Or again, the prospect of the Jungfrau range from the Schynige Platte above Interlaken, exquisite though it is and better balanced through the eye being farther away from the peaks, is not as satisfying as it could be if the full depths of all the valleys and not merely their upper slopes were freely visible.

All this may, however, be to some extent a matter of taste, so I would urge anyone who is sound in wind and limb and staying in the district of Kandersteg, to scramble up the Gellihorn and form his—or her—own opinion, and compare with landscapes elsewhere in the Alps, the fascinating range of colours and varying ground-levels seen from this peaceful summit. Even the expert mountaineer might find this a profitable object for an 'easy day', if only to contemplate from an unusual angle some of the giants whose heads he may have brought down in his bag.

RECOGNITION.

*You cannot see me ? Everywhere am I :
Where high-banked clouds buffet and beat the sky,
And slanting sunshine lends a scurrying haste
To furrowed field and gorse-clad dappled waste.*

*You cannot hear me ? Halt your footfall's speed.
The lark's wings are wide, and his full throat freed
To the song we sing in Eternity.
Your ears are closed ? Pass on, and let me be.*

*You cannot touch me ? Stoop, and with each hand
Crumble the pale, the immemorial sand.
Here do I dwell, this is my resting place,
From here I count the hours of time's swift race.*

*You do not know me ? Why, then, I am fled.
Alas, poor lover, which of us is dead ?*

REYNER BARTON.

THE STONE AGE IN BRITAIN.

BY HAROLD SHELTON.

JULIUS CÆSAR was the author of the heresy that before the Roman occupation Britain was peopled by woad-painted savages. The tradition survived for nearly two thousand years. It has remained for less than a century of archæological research to show the fallacy of Cæsar's impression and to build up a picture of three thousand years of history before recorded history began. Archæology is still in its infancy. Scarcely a year passes without some fresh evidence coming to light, or without older theories giving place to more recent ones made necessary by new evidence.

The first tangible stride in research was the discovery that in Britain, as in other parts of the world, many civilizations have risen and fallen of which the only records are those preserved in the mute evidence of stones and earthen ramparts. It became apparent that when Julius Cæsar cast covetous eyes on Britain's wealth of land and minerals, the British people were far more advanced in culture than many of the aboriginal tribes of the southern hemisphere to-day. The First century B.C. was the culmination of an Age in which the use of iron had been discovered, when the land was cultivated and animals domesticated, and when weaving and pottery-making had been brought to fine arts.

Later it was proved that this Age of Iron was preceded by an Age of Bronze, the latter by an Age of Stone. The Age of Stone itself was shown to have produced not one civilization, but a succession of cultures spread over tens of thousands of years.

Bronze seems first to have been used in Britain about 1800 B.C. It heralded the coming of a dominant people who absorbed the last and greatest of the Stone Age civilizations—that of the New Stone Age. But bronze was used before the advent of the powerful round-headed race associated with it. In all probability it was brought to Britain in the normal course of trade with the continent. Hence arises the conclusion that the Age of Stone merged gradually into the Age of Bronze. There is no clear line of demarcation between the two. When we refer a monument to the end of the Stone Age we refer it with equal truth to the beginning of the Bronze Age.

The New Stone Age is the most surprising of all the prehistoric periods. Until recently it was thought to have emerged from the mists of an earlier civilization about 5000 B.C. The most modern research shows that it represents a people of extraordinary vigour, invaders who cannot have reached the British shore much before 3000 B.C., and whose culture reached its zenith in less than 1200 years. Avebury and Stonehenge are only two of the most impressive of a vast number of links with their civilisation which have survived the ravages of 4000 years.

The weapons and implements which are definitely dated to this Age have a most surprising tale to tell. Many thousands can be seen in the British Museum and the County Museums. Yet the supply is not exhausted. The wayfarer may still discover them in unploughed country, on the surface of the earth or just beneath it. The author has a vivid recollection of an evening spent with a farmer on Bodmin Moor who produced a pickle-pot full of these beautifully-fashioned flints and told how he sold the smaller ones in Bodmin for charms to wear on watch-guards or necklaces.

The artistry which the more advanced specimens show is

fantastic. All were worked by hand from flint nodules struck off the flint cores. Some have had a hundred or more flakes struck off so as to give them a perfect symmetry as well as a fine cutting edge. Some are ground and polished, whilst others have holes bored through them, though by what means prehistoric man succeeded in piercing stones with the materials at his command is still an unsolved mystery.

That the industry was specialized was long suspected before the actual sites were discovered where the flints were manufactured for export to other parts of the country. Now, several of these workshops have been laid bare. One is within the later earthworks of Cissbury Ring; another is known as Grimes Graves in the Breckland of Norfolk. At both places the actual mines from which the flints were obtained have been unearthed—shafts sunk into the chalk with galleries radiating from the shafts and connecting them. Even the picks of deer antler with which prehistoric man worked have been found in the mines.

Some sites (such as Grimes Graves) may have been mine and workshop combined for thousands of years. It is significant that at Brandon, nearby, a modern flint napper perpetuates the tradition of the craft by manufacturing flints which are indistinguishable from some of the originals. He is the sole descendant of a family which has plied the craft certainly since the Middle Ages and perhaps since prehistoric times.

The people of the New Stone Age lived in fortified villages defended by three or more concentric circles of earthwork and ditch. Their fortifications have been reconstructed at Trundle Hill by Goodwood, at Whitehawk near Brighton and elsewhere. They lived chiefly on the high ground of Southern England because the moist climate of

the period had transferred the lowlands into impenetrable forest-covered morass. That they also began the task of developing the lowlands is shown by a Stone Age site uncovered near Abingdon.

The earliest scheme of Britain's communications is that formed by the ridgeways over the downs, linking camp with camp and leading towards the central chalk uplands of Salisbury Plain which was the centre of this people's civilization. The Pilgrims' Way, often wrongly attributed to devout pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, was probably initiated in the Stone Age.

The existence of the fortified villages proves at least a high degree of tribal organization and well-directed labour. The extensive flint-mines and the distribution of the weapons manufactured show that it was an era of specialized craftsmanship. What is still more arresting, it was an Age in which a religious consciousness emerged. That is proved by the fact that the most illustrious of their people were buried in mounds which it must have taken hundreds of men many days to construct.

The long barrows or burial-mounds are still a conspicuous feature of the upland country of southern England. Excavation has shown that the interments are of a long-headed people who must have had a fine mental development, and that the burial-chambers were often reopened for later interments to be made. So we may assume that they were in the nature of family mausoleums, perhaps reserved for the tribal chiefs and their families.

Many of the burial-mounds covered stone cists, some of them consisting of a single chamber, others of two or more chambers approached by a stone corridor. Sometimes when the land has been ploughed or washed away the stones have survived, as, for instance, at Kit's Coty near the Maidstone-

Chatham road in Kent, and at Wayland's Smithy on the Berkshire Downs. If there are any who doubt that Kit's Coty is the cist of a burial-mound they need only climb to the summit of Bluebell Hill and look down towards the stones. They will see the outline of the long barrow clearly marked around them, although it is completely invisible on the spot.

The long barrows without exception are orientated towards the north-east. It is suggested that this indicates sun-worship as the dominant influence in the religion of Stone Age man. The form of the stone circles, such as the Rollright Stones in Oxfordshire, suggests the same conclusion. So do some features of Stonehenge and Avebury.

Stonehenge and Avebury together form a perfect commentary on the life and times of the last phase of the Stone Age. On these sites the most intensive excavation has been carried out. The reward in knowledge gained is compensation enough for the time and labour involved.

Although Stonehenge is essentially a stone circle it is infinitely the most elaborate and complex of the stone circles known either in Britain or on the continent. It originally consisted of a ring of thirty upright sarsen stones supporting lintels which were connected by rude toggle joints. Inside this great circle was a second circle of smaller stones which have been proved to be foreign to Wiltshire, and cannot have been brought from any district nearer than South Wales.

These two concentric circles were set round two horseshoe arrangements of stones opening towards the north-east, one composed of five sarsen 'trilithons', the other of single standing-stones identical with the foreign stones of the inner circle. Inside these again, and apparently forming the centre of the whole monument, was a slab of micaceous sandstone traditionally known as the altar-stone. The monu-

ment was surrounded by a circular earthwork and ditch 300 feet in diameter. A trackway known as the 'Avenue', protected by a smaller bank and ditch, left Stonehenge on the north-east, one branch continuing to the banks of the Wiltshire Avon.

Outside the earthwork was a single large upright sarsen known as the Friar's Heel or Hele Stone towards the north-east, whilst outside the stone circles, but inside the confining earthwork were two smaller sarsens to the south-east and north-west respectively. There was also a recumbent slab known as the slaughtering-stone, roughly in a line with the Hele Stone, but inside the earthwork.

Latterly two semicircles and one complete circle of holes have been discovered between the stone circle and the earthwork. Both the semicircles appear to have been dug for the purpose of receiving stones, but there is no evidence that the latter were ever erected. The outer ring was apparently dug to receive wooden posts rather than stones, and such wooden posts may have been erected.

Stonehenge to-day is very imperfect, but still gives a reasonable impression of its original form. Many of the stones were used in the Middle Ages to build roads in the vicinity. In fact, it is only due to the fact that the part of Salisbury Plain on which Stonehenge is situated is unsuitable for cultivation that more has not disappeared.

The 'sarsens' were probably obtained from the Marlborough Downs, about twenty miles distant. They are fragments of a covering which was formerly overlaid on all the chalk. Similar, but smaller, stones can still be seen here and there on the Marlborough Downs. They are the 'grey wethers' which figure widely in literature and take their descriptive title from their resemblance at a distance to sheep.

The foreign, or blue stones, are probably derived from

Wales. An examination undertaken by Dr. Thomas of H.M. Geological Survey revealed that they are of a kind which is known to exist only in the Prescelly or Preseley Hills. In that district there are two stone circles and a number of other standing-stones petrologically identical with the blue stones of Stonehenge.

The Prescelly Hills are more than a hundred and seventy miles from Wiltshire. At first thought it seems incredible that prehistoric man should go such a distance when equally suitable material could have been found nearer to hand. The only possible solution to the problem is that the Prescelly stones were regarded as more sacred than any others.

It is inferred that they were credited with some special healing powers, a belief supported by the folk-lore of Stonehenge. Geoffrey of Monmouth relates that the stones were brought from Ireland by the magician Merlin for this very reason. Other references in later literature refer to their magic properties of healing.

It is difficult to realize the importance attached to primitive cults, but equally hard to overestimate it. As L. V. Grinsell has written in the *Antiquarian Journal*,

‘It must be remembered that Brittany is still full of holed stones and standing-stones to which healing powers are attributed by the peasantry, and many of these stones are prehistoric. The attribution of healing and other powers to these may well be a survival of a stone-cult. If the present-day peasant of Brittany can believe in the healing powers of stones, how much stronger must have been the same belief in prehistoric times!’

If the only feasible interpretation of the facts is accepted the question still remains ‘How were the stones transported?’ One widely-held theory is that they were brought by sea to the mouth of the Wiltshire Avon and carried along

the 'avenue' previously mentioned. A long and arduous sea voyage may not have been beyond the powers of Stone Age man. Certainly this suggestion is no more difficult to accept than the alternative one that they were brought one hundred and seventy miles across a countryside which was partly boggy, partly forest-covered. To assume the latter presupposes an advanced tribal organization and the will to endure great hardship.

Yet there is nothing absurd in either theory. We must remember that the erection of Stonehenge itself, quite apart from the transport of the foreign stones, was a task incompatible with any idea of an unorganized race. The digging of the earthworks and the raising of the stones into their upright positions is an achievement comparable with the erection of the Pyramids of Egypt for a people armed only with the most primitive implements.

The Hele Stone has a special significance in considering the purpose of Stonehenge. To an observer in the centre of the circle the sun appears to rise behind this stone on the morning of the longest day. In point of fact this is not precisely true in the twentieth century A.D., but Sir Norman Lockyer has calculated that it would have been mathematically accurate about 1800 B.C.

This observed fact leads inevitably to the conclusion that sun-worship was the motive for the construction of the 'temple'. It is true that the position of the one stone might have been accidental, but the whole monument is orientated so as to conform to it. In face of this it is impossible to maintain the theory of accident.

If Stonehenge may be accepted as primarily a temple of the sun it is not difficult to support the theory from analogy with the ways of primitive peoples in general. For a race which has no calendar, but is dependent on its agriculture

for a livelihood, the determination of the longest and shortest days is of the utmost importance. For this some form of astronomical measurement is essential. Moreover, the sun-god as the source of life and growth is naturally the prime divinity of a people in the relatively early stages of development. To the uninitiated the measurement of the longest day and, incidentally, the working out of the calendar is a matter of great magic which naturally falls to the lot of the priests who are thought to have communion with the Gods.

The discovery of burials within the Stonehenge monument is only additional evidence of the sanctity of the site. If, as is generally supposed, the burials discovered are later than the actual monument, this is evidence of the site remaining sacred even after the cult for which it was built had been superseded.

All that has been said points to the Stone Age as the period which witnessed the building of Stonehenge. Even so, the dressing of the stones is out of keeping with other Stone Age structures, whilst the toggle joints of the trilithons represent a period of architecture in Western Europe far later than that of the Stone Age. Moreover, excavation of the outer semicircles of holes yielded fragments of Iron Age pottery. In general, however, recent excavation has not undermined seriously the previous theory. Chips of the foreign blue stones have been discovered in long barrows, a fact which proves definitely that the foreign stones had been brought to Salisbury Plain before the construction of the barrows, i.e. before the end of the Stone Age. The natural inference from this is that Stonehenge was itself constructed at that time, for it is certain that the circle of foreign stones was erected after the outer sarsens. The only other explanation—not a very convincing one—is that the blue stones were brought from Wales and set up somewhere

in Wiltshire at this early date, but transferred to their present site much later.

It is possible that Stonehenge represents a two or three-period structure, but there seems little reason for the conclusion that the sarsens and foreign stones were erected at widely separated times. Probably the disturbing evidence of Iron Age pottery in the postholes proves nothing more than that the site was still regarded as sacred in the Iron Age and extensions were proposed for it, but perhaps never carried out.

This assumption explains also its legendary connection with the Druid religion. Druidism was not introduced until the Iron Age. Yet the tradition is a most persistent one, exemplified by the Druid ceremonies which were held at Stonehenge until recently on Midsummer morning. It is at least not impossible that Stonehenge became a Druidical temple late in its history, though it is certain that such was not its primary purpose.

By comparison the problems of Woodhenge and Avebury are easy of solution. Woodhenge is about two miles north-east of Stonehenge. Its existence was discovered from the air in 1925. As its name suggests, it was a structure in wood, originally similar in formation, but not identical with Stonehenge. To-day nothing remains except the circular bank and ditch and six oval rings of post-holes which have been marked by concrete pillars.

Like Stonehenge Woodhenge is orientated towards the north-east. Pottery and other remains discovered during excavation since 1925 show that it was constructed before the Bronze Age was fully developed. It has been suggested that Woodhenge was the direct forerunner of Stonehenge, the latter having been constructed when the former had fallen into disrepair. As we have seen, however, part of

Stonehenge *must* date from a period similar to that of the construction of Woodhenge.

The monument known as Avebury, situated in a cup-shaped valley a few miles west of Marlborough, consisted of an area of more than twenty-eight acres which contained the stone circles forming its nucleus, and in which the whole village of Avebury (apart from the church) has been built.

The most striking feature to-day is the circular bank and ditch over fifty feet deep which surrounds it, except where the four roads which meet in the centre of Avebury village interrupt them. On the north and south the modern roads follow the line of ancient causeways and represent the original entrances to the monument. In the east and west the openings were cut in medieval days.

The ditch is on the inside of the bank, a fact which proves that it was dug for ceremonial and not for defensive purposes. The whole purpose of the bank and ditch of ancient fortresses was that the bank should double the obstacle presented by the ditch, whereas the arrangement of Avebury renders both virtually useless for defence.

A circle of upright stones was set inside the inner edge of the ditch, with a pair of great size flanking each entrance. Of this circle a few have survived the ravages of time and man, including the great stones at the southern entrance, whilst the foundations of others have been excavated recently and their position indicated by concrete blocks. The nucleus of the monument consisted of two groups of stone circles, each comprising two concentric circles of uprights, the more northerly circles being arranged round three exceptionally large stones of which two have survived; the more southerly ones round a single standing-stone which has disappeared.

From the southern entrance an avenue of upright stones led to the summit of Overton Hill, more than a mile distant.

Excavations have been carried out by Mr. Alexander Keiller and Mr. Stuart Piggott on this avenue. Many of the stones have been found embedded in the earth and set up again in their original position, whilst the sockets of the remainder have been traced. Burials indicated at the base of some of the standing-stones show that they were made at a date which agrees with all that was discovered during excavation of the ditch and bank.

The 'Avenue' terminated at another monument known as the 'Sanctuary' which consisted of two concentric circles of stones, every one of which has disappeared, though they are recorded in eighteenth-century literature, and the sockets in which they stood have been discovered. In addition to the stones it has been proved that the 'Sanctuary' contained several timber circles on the analogy of Woodhenge. From this it may be inferred that the mixture of wood and stone in the construction of these great monuments was not unusual, since there is no evidence on Overton Hill that the 'Sanctuary' is anything but the product of a single period of building.

According to Dr. Stukeley (who lived and wrote in the eighteenth century) a second avenue of stones led from Avebury in the direction of Beckhampton, but no evidence has so far been found to support the statement. It is possible that Dr. Stukeley was misled by a few 'grey wethers' and the fertility of his own imagination.

Silbury Hill, the largest artificial mound in Europe, a hundred and thirty feet high, lies a mile to the south of Avebury. Information as to its origin and purpose is completely lacking, but it is presumed by many to form a part of the great ceremonial complex of which Avebury is the centre. It has been suggested alternately that it is a Roman burial mound, or a Saxon or Norman castle-mound, but

these theories were disproved by Members of the Wiltshire Archæological Society in 1867 whose investigation established that the Roman road known to run at the foot of Silbury Hill was actually turned from its straight course to avoid the mound—adequate evidence that Silbury Hill is at least earlier than the Roman occupation.

Many tentative efforts have been made to discover direct evidence. In the eighteenth century a shaft was sunk from the summit to the original ground level, but nothing of any importance was found. In 1922 trenches were dug into the mound in the hope of finding evidence of a burial chamber, but in this case again nothing tangible was unearthed. The most positive evidence is that the mound was originally surrounded by a ditch nearly twenty feet deep. Excavation here yielded material compatible with the theory that the date of Silbury is similar to that of Avebury.

The only action which might reveal the secret of Silbury would be complete excavation, a task which is never likely to be undertaken if only because the cost of the labour involved would be prohibitive. In the absence of further evidence we can only infer that, like Stonehenge, Woodhenge and Avebury, its original purpose was religious, that on the analogy of the round barrows it may conceal a tomb to which special sanctity was attached, and that its proximity to Avebury—a mound unique in size, only a mile from a stone monument unique in the same respect—suggests that both were inspired by a common purpose.

So Avebury, Stonehenge, Woodhenge and Silbury all take their places in the most spectacular civilization of prehistoric Britain. They are the consummation of the religious expression of a dynamic people whose qualities were destined to decline in face of the industrial revolution caused by the introduction of bronze.

BY THE WAY.

ONE of the reasons why the British are habitually misunderstood by other nations is, as is well known, our ingrained and unconscious custom of under-statement. The world has of late had notable examples offered it publicly by the Prime Minister in utterances which are in delightful contrast to the frenzied hyperbole of Goebbels and folk of similar kidney: privately I heard a perfect example in a railway carriage where a traveller talking of a friend's activities spoke of what he had been engaged upon during 'the last spot of bother,' by which, so it transpired, he referred to the events of 1914-18. A happy phrase, to be treasured.

* * *

Similarly I treasure another phrase, contained in a letter recently received. The writer was describing how he was situated as regards relations and people dependent upon him. 'I have two sons,' he wrote, 'but they are both in the Army, so they present no problem.' This is more than happy—it is heroic, the very stuff of which British victory is made.

* * *

Extracts from letters written by various American citizens since the outbreak of war have been published in the Press to show how the mind of members of the great democracy across the Atlantic is regarding the troubles of our times. Here is another written in the first days of the war by an elderly lady long resident in the centre of the United States, a good 5,000 miles away:—

'For days before the final blow fell we sat at the radio

hoping to hear that Hitler had listened to the world appeals for a conference, and when the weary heart-broken voice of Chamberlain told us that all appeals had been in vain, our hearts were broken too—and each day the news is so terrifying we cannot go on with our daily tasks, they all seem so unimportant. . . . What stupider thing could the Germans have done than blow up the *Athenia* ! Was it to terrify us ? But that isn't the way the human heart works. . . . All about me is so lovely, blue skies, peace and quiet, birds, flowers, trees, smooth lawns and it all mocks the brutal struggle going on in parts of the world that are more beautiful than that I see around me here ! It only makes me realise that there are things more worth while than the beauties of Nature, the things England and France are fighting for, liberty, freedom of speech, the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's heart, the right to bring up one's children to love God and Man. Yes, these are the supreme values ; without them life is not worth living.

I hear from — [her nephew] that he is so stirred up he would like to fly to arms at once to help destroy Hitlerism. But we must keep our heads. . . .'

* * *

'We must keep our heads'—yes, but that adjuration, necessary no doubt in many countries of the world, is, we may still believe, superfluous to the British race. Maddening as that race so often is to others, at least let no one deny that in the quality, art, or pursuit of keeping its head it still is second to none. Even when it is told that, in all probability, soon it will be asked by Germany to defend that curious land from Russia, still it keeps its head—and its sense of humour. Humour after all is no less humour for having a touch of the macabre about it.

Overheard in the nursery :—

'Is Danger coming?'

'Has he a spanner?'

'No.'

'Sword him then : what's the use of a man without a spanner?'

* * *

'There is no necessity, Madam, for you to wear your gas-mask in here,' said the hotel porter politely to the entering client.

'What d'you mean?' she replied tartly. 'I haven't got one on.'

* * *

An echo of the last war :—

One of the early functions of workers in hospitals was, as will be remembered, to set down all ascertainable particulars of new patients, including their religion (if any). One hardened veteran, when approached, scratched his head and made answer, 'Well, Miss, you see my mother she was a West lion, and my father, I don't rightly know what he was. Put me down "Church of Christ" and never mind about the battalion.'

* * *

It is always refreshing to see one's self as others see one : it was therefore with pleasure that I read in the recent issue of a magazine devoted to discussion of affairs relating to the Press an account of the CORNHILL which—after stating that 'in these days of the sudden rise of numerous digests, both literary and political, and the popularity of magazines that are cheap and easy to read, it comes as a mild surprise to find that one of the old guard like the *Cornhill Magazine* should still flourish'—adds with an Olympian air of admirable condescension, 'it is a tribute to the publication that

it does so,' and finally concludes by observing, very kindly, that 'in its quiet way it is attractive. It is the kind of magazine one would buy to read and not just scan through. It is eminently suitable for a long train journey or a weekend at home.' I feel sure that the writer looked up the meaning of 'eminently' and that most of the readers of these pages will agree that for once, even in passing, a journalist has employed *le mot juste*.

* * *

In the first days of the outbreak of world calamity it seemed as though books (to say nothing of magazines) would be swept away by the deluge; but quickly it was realised that in the dark days ahead books would be to many one of the great solaces of existence—as indeed to many of the right-minded they have always been. And promptly books appeared, and continue to appear, to satisfy our needs. And amongst the ineradicable pleasures of mankind is that of studying a prophet after the event in order to be sure just where he went wrong—of that particular pleasure Mr. Harold Nicolson does not in his *Marginal Comment* (Constable, 5s. n.) give his readers much provender: for a man writing each week in times so uncertain and so troubled he is very seldom shown afterwards to have been in error—except perhaps only that, like most commentators, he was unprepared for the a-moral agilities of Russian diplomacy. These essays, which originally appeared weekly in *The Spectator* from January 6 to August 4 of this year, are witty and sometimes more, and they are unfailingly interesting—no small achievement for a weekly commentator. Mr. Nicolson has especially mastered the difficult twin arts of a good beginning and a pointed ending, and he illustrates his points with many an excellent anecdote. Here is a beginning: 'When I was a boy, headmasters went on being headmasters until they

became bishops or certifiably insane'; and here is an end—after describing how the Germans flooded Persia with posters showing the British blowing sepoys from cannon, the essay concludes: "'My eyes," said the Persians, "if that is what is going to happen to us, we must be very careful indeed not to annoy the English."' Finally, since Mr. Nicolson is always at his best on this particular subject, let me quote 'True it is that Lord Curzon was apt to address other human beings in the manner of "the Divinity addressing black beetles." Yet he was always careful to make it clear (a) that he regarded black-beetles as entertaining little animals, and (b) that some beetles were blacker than others.'

* * *

I picked up another new book with hope: it was entitled *An Anglo-American Interpreter* (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. n.), and I thought perhaps it might elucidate certain mysteries of world significance at the present time. But the author is Mr. H. W. Horwill, and his interest, as should be well known, is philology. The interpretation therefore is of speech—and speech is not always a synonym for minds: but it is quite amusing and quite interesting to study Americanese as a foreign language with the English translation in a parallel column; and this little book will certainly enable anyone to listen to 'talkies' with intelligence; it is dollars to doughnuts that even hardened fans will learn from it—they at least will not be scared into conniptions at the descent of our mother tongue.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 193.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page v, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 30th November.

'Thou who didst waken from his ——— ———
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coils of his crystalline streams,'

1. 'Where palsy shakes a few, ———, last grey hairs,'
2. 'Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek ———'s holy head.'
3. 'At last he rose, and twitch'd his ——— blew;
To-morrow to fresh Woods and Pastures new.'
4. 'Mother of Hermes! and still youthful ———!'
5. 'Under the shady roof
Of branching ——— star-proof,
Follow me,'
6. 'And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the ——— blown.'

Answer to Acrostic 191, September number: 'Ye have been *Fresh and Green*, Ye have been fill'd with flowers' (Robert Herrick: 'To Meadows'). 1. *FlutterinG* (Wordsworth: 'Daffodils'). 2. *RiveR* (Shelley: 'The Question'). 3. *EyE* (Wordsworth: 'Perfect Woman'). 4. *SpirE* (Tennyson: 'Come down, O Maid'). 5. *HumaN* (Charles Lamb: 'On an infant dying as soon as born').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Miss C. Bridges, 28, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol, and Mr. E. E. Wells, 10, Brodrick Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.17. N.B.—*Sources need not be given.*

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